# JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXIII. 1910

3D EVERY THURSDAY


REMEMBER THE LITTLE MAN By The EDITOR

SIR STAFFORD'S RUSSIAN FLIGHT: FULL STORY

HOW LONG CAN HITLER LAST? By A.G.G.

Aptly described as an Empire Arsenal and an Empire Larder, Canada has also played the role of fairy godmother to many children evacuated from their homes in Gt. Britain. We may be quite sure that in acquiring new habits they will be encouraged to develop those instilled by their parents: washing behind their ears, for example, and cleaning their teeth night and morning—with KOLYNOS.

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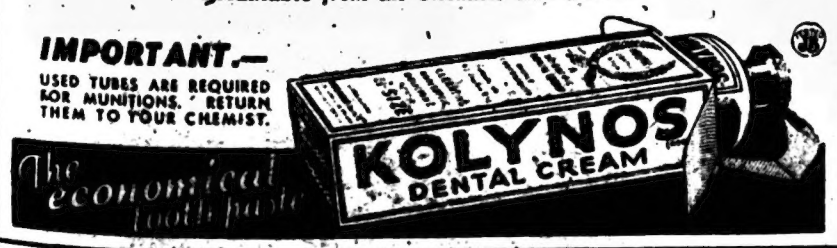
**IMPORTANT.—** USED TUBES ARE REQUIRED FOR MUNITIONS. RETURN THEM TO YOUR CHEMIST.



*For*
**Morning Freshness**
*and*
*All-day Energy*

IN these days of national endeavour we all need to start the morning with that freshness, cheerfulness and abounding energy which can only follow a night of peaceful, restorative sleep.

Such healthful sleep is a habit you can acquire, helped by a nightly bedtime cup of delicious "Ovaltine." Its soothing influence invites sleep and its unique nutritive properties assist in making your sleep completely revitalising and fully restorative to body, brain and nerves.

Enjoy the benefits of "Ovaltine" sleep to-night and see how cheerful, confident and invigorated you awake to-morrow.

*Drink delicious*

**Ovaltine**

THE WORLD'S BEST NIGHT-CAP

P603A

# YOUR PART in the Potato Plan

• *Potatoes help us to win the war.* See that they take the place of bread, thus releasing ships for more vital war work.

We have a good potato supply. The Government subsidised potatoes and fixed low prices.

Now it is up to you.

*Here in the name of Victory is your part in the Potato Plan.* Don't just eat more potatoes—eat potatoes *instead* of bread.

**1** Will you serve potatoes for breakfast three days a week? Doctors say 'eat at least 1 lb. of potatoes every day'.

**2** Will you make your main dish a potato dish one day a week?—potato dishes can be novel, satisfying and delicious.

**3** Refuse second helpings of other food at any rate until you have had a second helping of potatoes.

**4** Make a point of serving potatoes in other ways than 'plain boiled'. There are so many delicious dishes you can make with them.

**EAT MORE POTATOES *INSTEAD!***

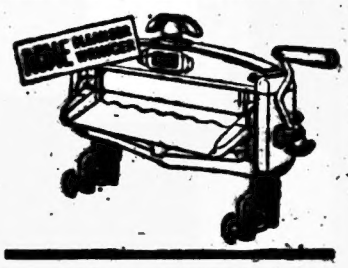
ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY MF OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1

P.13

# "It's a war-wedding present..."

explained Mrs. Jackson to her neice. "The price of an Acme in Savings Certificates!" It's tough for the young people nowadays—

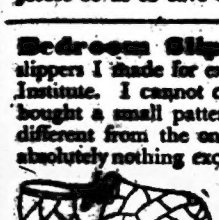
you can't give them all you'd like to give them. Before the war, an Acme was a perfect wedding present—but you won't be able to buy another Acme while the war's on. Of course some day . . . and it will be all the sooner if more people follow Mrs. Jackson's bright idea!




# BITS & PIECES

We cannot afford to waste a single piece of cloth, leather or other material. Before discarding anything as fit only for salvage, see if it can be used to make something else you need. Here are some suggestions for using up bits and pieces so as to save buying new articles.

**Bedroom Slippers** "I send you a pair of slippers I made for exhibition for my local Women's Institute. I cannot claim the idea is my own, as I bought a small pattern. They are, of course, quite different from the ones made of carpet. They cost absolutely nothing except the binding braid which was 9d., but this could be done with strips of odd material. The soles are simply plaited material of any kind." From LADY RASSETT, W.V.S. Food Officer for East Suffolk.



Upper made of patchwork in many colours

Soles of plaited strips of material sewn together

**Beauty Patches** *If you find one of your jumpers or woollen blouses has been attacked by moths, don't despair—even if there are several holes in it. First, catch round the holes and then hunt out some scraps of coloured material—old kid gloves, for instance. Cut out a number of patches, squares, triangles and circles, and sew them over the holes and in other places as well, either haphazard or arranged in a pattern.*

**Mend and make do to save buying new**

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# JOHN BULL

*Thursday, for week ending Saturday, January 23, 1943,*
*93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468*


*"Come the three corners of the world in arms,*
*And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue*
*If England to itself do rest but true."*

## Straight from the Shoulder

# IDEAS WANTED

VERYWHERE the enemy is on the defensive—except on the high seas.

For us the seas are still ught with peril. Fine ships, fine n, are the victims of the terror at strikes by stealth.

The terror is growing. The U-boat cks are increasing. Our life-lines severely strained.

### ins and Losses

High authority in Washington admits t Germany is producing new U-boats ter than the United Nations are troying them.

n the Atlantic alone, according to shington, more than a hundred der-water attackers are in action.

### ures Speak

n London, it is thought that the re may be even higher.

t is computed that Germany now has seagoing U-boats, of which some 230 uld normally be engaged on operaal duties while the rest are refitting. uch is the extent of the danger we e.

### fence or Attack

Ve have mastered the magnetic mine. have defied the bomber. We have ten the tank. What antidote shall apply to the submarine?

**Nothing new, answers Washington. y on the methods of 1917! The only ution is "constantly heavier protecn for convoys"!**

### st Economy

Speed," answers Admiral Sir Hugh eedie.

A ship stopped is a 100 per cent. get. A ship whose speed through the ter equals the speed of a torpedo uld be immune. Between these two remes is a speed below which we can afford to build."

### d of Convoys

Build ships that are not only fast but inkable and heavily armed!—advoes Walter Burn, the Northumberland gineer.

*His plan would end the convoy system, his ships could travel unescorted.*

Marine experts praise his blue-prints. Mr. Churchill, Cripps and the Admiralty have not yet passed judgment.

### Going Slow

Mr. A. V. Alexander, the First Lord, who may have the last word, is against fast ships. He fears that destroyers wouldn't be able to keep up with them.

Many shipowners are against them. They whine that fast ships wouldn't be *economical to run in peace time.*

### Matchless Men

Now, which view is to prevail?

Let's look at the facts squarely. The anti-U-boat campaign of the Royal Navy and the R.A.F.'s Coastal Command has been waged with grim resolution and the utmost valour.

**The men in blue have had hundreds of successes. They have done as well as men could do. If they have not done all that it's necessary to do, the fault must lie with our weapons, not our men.**

### Fresh Thought

And so we must employ new weapons. We must devise new methods. We must cease fighting the war of 1943 in the manner of 1917.

Our stick-in-the-muds who fight shy of new ideas should have new ideas forced upon them. Our vested interests should be made to think more of the nation's life-and-death struggle than their post-war pockets.

### Hovering Death

There is no dearth of new ideas that deserve testing. Consider just one possibility.

The helicopter—the 'plane that can remain stationary in the air—would have an obvious advantage over the ordinary bomber when attacking U-boats.

It could hover over the exact spot where a U-boat had crash-dived. It could bomb that spot with absolute precision.

### Scared of Science

Yet the helicopter is not so employed by Britain. Nor are other ideas backed by scientific opinion.

**The Government's advisers appear scared of scientific innovations. They seem imbued with Service prejudices against "new-fangled notions."**

So, in this fourth year of war, the worst peril of the last war is threatening to delay our victory

### Turned Down

Not only in the battle against the U-boat is there this reluctance to adopt new methods

One example, again, will suffice. An engineering firm suggested a new type of war weapon. It was rejected by the Government. The few workers employed on its development were officially ordered to take up other jobs.

### Secret

The firm persevered in secret. It employed friends of the transferred workers to continue research. Then these people, too, were officially told to accept "essential work" or return home.

At last, despite official opposition, the weapon was perfected.

**It was approved by the Government. Thousands of workers are now producing it. It has played a great part on the battlefield.**

### No Appeal

If one valuable idea was so nearly lost to the nation, how many have actually been thrown away?

No one knows. For once an idea is rejected there is no appeal against the official decision!

But an appeal there must be to Mr. Churchill. He must give a free hand to Cripps and his scientific advisers.

### Second Front

We shall need every new weapon we can devise in this year of continent-wide battles—the year of the Second Front in Europe.

Stalin will become restive again if that greatest of military enterprises is delayed much longer. So will the British public.

### It is Coming

**But we shall not be disappointed. The Second Front is coming, and Germany knows it.**

**She can have no reserves of morale to draw upon. But she is leaving no military preparation to chance. She is working against the clock to make her outer defences strong.**

### By the Thousand

She is sowing mines by the thousand in the Ægean Sea and around Sicily. A sixty-mile zone of defence in depth has been established in southern France.

Sicily and Sardinia have been made the strong points of the *Luftwaffe* and are being fortified by land.

### Where and When

But Germany must do more than guard the "under-belly of the Axis." She must keep a wary eye on Norway, which Norwegians assert could be ours for the asking

Despite the drain on her man-power she must seek to strengthen the defences of France, Belgium and Holland. Two questions baffle the generals who plot the dispositions of her Russia-weakened armies—Where? and When?

### Be Ready

Questions of even more terrible consequence confront us in our determination to shatter those armies.

We must ask whether, when the church bells proclaim the triumph of civilised humanity, we shall be ready for peace.

**We must ask if, when we have won freedom from war, we shall gain freedom from want.**

### In Harmony

JOHN BULL has stated its views on the need to plan a prosperous peace. They need not be repeated, for now they are universally recognised.

Britain's leaders are planning for the future. President Roosevelt and his Ministers are men of vision. Stalin and Chiang Kai-shek envisage better days for their peoples.

But all this, laudable though it may be, is not enough. The intentions of each country must be harmonised so that national planning will develop into world planning

### Wide Vista

For Britain to replan Britain will be futile if other parts of the world are to remain 'backward" or exploited.

**Our plans must be on an international basis before we can hope to guarantee a job to Bill Jones of Camberwell or afford to rebuild Coventry.**

### Getting Together

Let there be national plans, by all means. Let Roosevelt's plans for the U.S.A. be submitted for ratification by the American public, as American newspapers suggest. Let Britain see the blue-prints of the New Britain.

But, above all, we should make sure that the proposals of each separate country are acceptable to the others.

### Year of Action

Not until we know what is in one another's minds can we hope to reach agreement on the way in which to plan social justice, economic liberty, and war-resisting prosperity for the entire globe.

We cannot postpone that agreement much longer. We dare not.

**For this is the year when the United Nations will marshal all their strength against the Axis.**

*(Continued overleaf)*

## NEW B.B.C.

● **Revolution is sweeping Broadcasting House.**

**The B.B.C. is largely restaffing its departments. It advertises for variety producers and for an assistant in the Outside Broadcasting Department.**

**It invites recruits for the Features and Drama Department — a script writer, a script writer and producer, a music assistant and producer.**

**It seeks tenors and basses for its choral society. It is looking for a new editor for a radio magazine and an Empire Talks manager, a supervisor for its monitoring service, a presentation assistant for a foreign programme.**

**And the conductorship of the Revue Orchestra is vacant.**

**The listening public will no doubt hope that the B.B.C. will secure the fresh blood it requires. It will certainly hope that the fresh men will have fresh ideas.**

**If not, they should take hints from the American programmes now relayed to Britain.**


**"HEAVY RAIDS MAY YET BE OUR PORTION"**
*—Sir Frederick Pile, G.O.C. Anti-Aircraft Command.*

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# STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

UNDER-THE-COUNTER trickery is increasing; and resentment, too, is growing throughout the country.

More and more shopkeepers—though fortunately still in a minority—are branding themselves as venal and anti-social.

## Wait for Nothing

**In a London suburb last week, women waited patiently for an hour outside a fishmonger's shop.**

**At last the day's supply arrived. It was put aside for orders telephoned from big houses. The waiting women got nothing.**

## He Found Them

At a butcher's a big notice announced: "No sausages or offal to-day."

A sceptical JOHN BULL man went to the back of the shop. Yes, plenty of sausages, liver and kidneys were being wrapped up—again for "orders."

## Widespread Evil

The provinces suffer from the same evil. Food "extras" are secreted behind the counter for favoured customers.

Worst hit are the old folk who live alone, who can produce only one ration book.

## No Armistice

A large family, pooling its books, can spare thirty or twenty-four points for canned meat and fish.

Not so the "one-in-family" people. All the more reason, therefore, to give them a fair share of unrationed foodstuffs.

Neither they nor any other class of "unfavoured" customer will forgive or forget the counter welshers when the war ends.

## Bad Egg

Favoured folk in favoured towns can still get chickens, ducks, and wildfowl. But the present Poultry Order is a bad egg that Lord Woolton should give to the pigs.

It allows extra prices to be charged in certain towns. So those towns get all the supplies and other districts go without.

## Wipe It Out!

*It results in wasteful transport to distant centres. It penalises the producer; indeed, it is forcing many producers out of business and encouraging the Black Market.*

*Lord Woolton, who has done so much good, can surely expunge this black spot by an equitable marketing scheme.*

## Belated

Not he, but the Minister of Agriculture, has stumbled over the rations for poultry keepers.

This month, rationed feeding stuffs for horses, pigs and poultry can be drawn for both January and February. But the announcement was made, not at the end of December, but after January had begun—and after most keepers had bought their month's supplies.

## Loopholes

Unfortunately, most official orders leave something to chance.

Thus the Board of Trade is worried by Black Marketeers who have found loopholes in the Order fixing prices for typewriters.

## Double Dutch

**Some of the Orders affecting other industries have holes so big that the public's money just drops into the pockets of manufacturers and middlemen.**

**Quite a few of the holes would be closed if official regulations were framed by people who could state their intentions in terse, simple English instead of the Whitehall jargon that was presumably evolved from "double dutch."**

## Swing Low

People reach their highest—and lowest—levels in war time.

Lowest? An Eastcote, Middlesex, woman whose husband is in a tank pursuing Rommel took her new baby out for the first time. Britain's meanest thief stole the waterproof pram cover while she was in a shop.

The three-weeks-old mite had to be rushed home—drenched with rain.

## Two to Admire

Highest? Reader Edward Elliott, of 32, Carlisle Road, Leyton, read in JOHN BULL that a terribly injured Coventry fireman had been patched up, but needed a new ear.

Mr. Elliott wrote offering his own ear. He wanted no money, no publicity.

# Behind the News

- **Soviet radio detectors report that German army S.O.S.s to H.Q. have increased threefold in recent weeks.**
- *All but the best quality rifling of new German field-guns is suffering from Russian cold.*
- Hundreds of Nazi army dogs, overworked and underfed in trapped Caucasian divisions, have gone mad and are causing outbreaks of rabies.
- **Even pro-Axis neutrals are staggered at Hitler's material losses in last six months—twice as many as on all fronts from September, 1939, to August, 1942.**
- *Hitler has cut down allowances of Middle Eastern potentates who live as prospective quislings in Berlin—sure sign he has no hope of reaching the Middle East.*
- Boris, King of Bulgaria, and Michael of Rumania are virtual prisoners following the outbreak of unrest in their countries.
- **Nazi ambassadors have threatened to depose them and take their countries over for the German Reich.**
- *Switzerland follows Turkey in refusing to supply Germany with more goods pending payment in gold of vast debts. And Germany hasn't the gold.*
- Hitler has sent Secret Service Ace Rosenheit to Madrid to threaten Franco with replacement by Monarchists if he doesn't agree to Hitler's demands.
- **But his agents, working through French dupes in North Africa, have received a severe shock: the biter being bit. Details cannot yet be revealed.**
- *Danube winter freeze has started early; thousands of Axis barges have been caught in the ice.*

- **A might-have-been enemy agent asks us to thank two warrant officers of the R.A.F. for revealing in a crowded train from Paddington the location and strength of various R.A.F. camps.**

**The Fuehrer would no doubt have been pleased had the might-have-been sent his report.**

**This year will see great moves from Britain; the Fuehrer expects to receive advance notice of them. Need we say that Servicemen should disappoint him?**

And a similar offer has come from a Midlands woman—a music teacher—who asks that her name shall be treated in confidence.

## Rich or Poor!

Then, Government officials going round to rally industry to the war effort meet the manufacturer who says: "Sure, my country comes before my profits," and the man who points out: "But I can get 100 per cent. on turnover in the luxury trade."

Let the latter remember the words of Marine Mikailovna, Soviet airwoman killed recently, when an American millionaire asked her to marry him:

"I don't want money. I am as rich as my country and as poor as my country."

## Turned Away

*But some tomfool officials just won't employ Britain's riches.*

*A Staffs woman had two children under twelve. So has her neighbour. They applied for part-time war work, and offered to do a full day's work between them.*

*Said the Employment Exchange manager: "That's no good to me. I only want women who can work from eight till six."*

## Ridicule

Again, a pensionless widow of sixty, whose son is in the Army, has been seeking a light job for six years.

The Employment Exchange has offered her a job in domestic service, seven days a week, for 12s. 6d. a week. The officials, we are told, accompanied the offer with ridicule.

If we were Mr. Bevin, we'd ridicule them out of their own snug jobs.

## Too Much

In other districts, women munition makers are still working twelve-hour shifts—with travelling and homes to run in their spare time.

Some break down with fatigue. And who can wonder at that?

## Too Little

Yet we are still told of factories where the workers lounge about towards the end of the week.

They have to—they have finished the week's quota and are not allowed to produce any more.

The Ministry of Production should investigate such complaints. It should do more. It needs to start an evening-up campaign throughout war industry.

## Out of Court

**Sir Walter Womersley often pleads that he cannot set up independent pension appeal boards because doctors aren't available to staff them.**

**Is that so? A doctor with eleven years' experience of R.A.F. boards asked the Ministry for a job. He was told he was too old at sixty.**

## Rusty

Skilled artisans, too, are wasted. We know a joiner who qualified as an aero-engine inspector. More than a year ago he was called up for the police war reserve.

Despite the need for 'planes, he's still in blue and his tools are rusting.

## On Fatigues

Then there's a sapper who has passed the Army test as a tinsmith and whitesmith, training for which probably cost the country some £70.

But he's working in the mud, unloading railway sleepers. It is said that hundreds of other tradesmen in his unit are also "on fatigues."

## Tribute

No doubt the War Office will investigate that report. For the W.O. has eagle's eyes and badger's ears for public comment on Army affairs.

It is only fair to add that JOHN BULL has found the War Office quicker to right injustice, remedy muddle and to show generosity than any other Department.

Whereas four Ministries we could name—and will one day—are mere imitations of moribund whales.

## Not in the War

Glasgow soldiers and airmen, arriving in the city after many weary hours of travel to begin their leave, find they can't use the all-night tram service to get home.

"For war workers only," says the conductress.

But Glasgow isn't the only city in need of a reminder that airmen and sailors are also in the war.

## Essential Work!

*It is even possible—though this seems doubtful—that a big car seen in London the other day was engaged on important war work. Driven by a prosperous-looking merchant, it was stacked high with fur coats.*

*Still, it's consoling to reflect that petrol is granted only for essential purposes.*

## Big Business

A business man whose firm has a turnover of more than £100,000,000 a year has gone to live in a village near his head office.

Nearest post-box will take only the smallest letters, and the magnate has asked for a bigger one.

"Impossible," says the P.O. "Pay a guinea a year, however, and we'll collect from your house."

Sharp business?

## Cheap Labour

Here's bad business. Some railwaymen have not had a rise in pay since war began.

They belong to docks fire brigades. When rail wages are raised, they're told they are A.R.P. firemen. When Civil Defence wages go up, they are told they are railwaymen.

For three weeks out of five, they are on night duty for 224 hours—without overtime rates.

## Judicial Ignorance

A Bench of magistrates has confessed ignorance of the fact that Britain is at war with Finland. Even the prosecuting counsel was "not quite sure."

Judicial ignorance is a hallowed custom. But we trust no ornament of the Bench will perpetuate it by asking "Who is Hitler?"

# REMEMBER the LITTLE MAN!

AT long last the Board of Trade promises to come to the rescue of the war-ruined small traders.

Plans soon to be announced will, it is claimed, help to set them on their feet again after the war ends.

This is a case of "better late than never." It is a delayed and partial solution to a big problem which the Government and the country ought to have faced resolutely at the outbreak of hostilities.

**Unfortunately, though rubber is scarce, principles are still elastic—none more so than the principle of "equal sacrifice" which our leaders have so often proclaimed in the people's name.**

Of course, the hazards of war are in themselves unequal. The enemy bomb destroys one house and spares its neighbour.

Destiny still names each bullet. A birthday this or that side of a given date may determine whether a citizen shall fight or work at a good wage.

The mere accident of pre-war occupation keeps some men in "civvies" and puts others into uniform.

MUCH inequalities are unavoidable. But, if we truly believe in equality of sacrifice, we must be prepared to make good our neighbour's war losses to the limit of our power.

*The little shopkeepers have probably been harder hit than any other members of the community. They have been squeezed out of business by the tens of thousands.*

JOHN BULL has consistently urged the Government to give the small shopkeepers a square deal. We appear as their advocate again to-day because theirs is undoubtedly a test case in a tremendous claim upon the community.

**Our main contention is that any man or woman whose livelihood has been destroyed or grievously impaired by the circumstances of war should be entitled to compensation, and, if possible, reinstatement.**

This is a requirement of justice. It is not easy, but it is *right*.

Within limits, the Government has accepted liability for war damage to bricks and mortar, but it does not admit an equal responsibility for homes which have been ruined by the economic blitz.

And yet it may be a much more serious and tragic matter to lose one's business than to lose one's house.

*Let us not forget that thousands of small shops were kept by elderly couples who had sunk all their savings in them; others by people unfit for any other work; and still others by veterans of the last war who invested their gratuities in them.*

Some of them were no more than one-man or one-couple businesses; some used to employ one or two assistants, but in almost every case the livelihood of the little shopkeepers depended on their shops.

Then came the war and the economic blitz. Supplies rapidly dwindled. Quotas were established. Manufacture was increasingly restricted. Then upon rationing came into force.

**Little by little the small shops were left with less and less to sell. Their takings steadily declined, but their rent and rates and general overheads remained almost the same.**

Obviously and inevitably, shop after shop had to put up the shutters.

What did the Government do?

The then Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade remarked blandly that "there was a good deal to be said for the suggestion that small shopkeepers should realise their stocks, invest their money, and go into other work"!

*But who on earth would want to buy a shop that could not support its proprietor? Who would pay good money for goodwill that had become almost worthless?*

It followed, of course, that more and more small shopkeepers had to give up business without any compensation whatever.

Moreover, their disastrous position was aggravated by the constant encroachment of the chain stores.

They could buy wholesale, and they did. Their large orders were often given preference by manufacturers who had only a limited output to dispose of and found it more convenient to sell in bulk.

**It does not need much clear thinking to realise that this process, if it had been allowed to continue unchecked, would have left the great vested interests after the war stronger than they were before it started.**

Fortunately it was checked—to some extent. A scheme was introduced towards the middle of last year for a sort of compensation pool, the small traders still continuing in business being asked to set aside a given percentage of their profits for the rehabilitation of competitors who had been "squeezed out."

But this was nothing more than tinkering with the real problem.

Now, apparently the Board of Trade proposes to give the little shopkeepers who have been forced out of business a priority claim to open up again when the war is over.

**That is all very well as far as it goes, but thousands of the dispossessed will need capital to make a fresh start.**

There is some reason to hope that the Government will be ready to supply necessary credits. Meanwhile, every small trader who has been driven out of business should hasten to register for whatever eventual assistance may be forthcoming.

Those who can just manage to carry on should apply at once to their local Liabilities Adjustment Officer, who has tolerably wide powers to give them immediate relief against rent, mortgages, and even trade debts.

But the little shopkeeper is only one of a numerous body of the community which has been ruthlessly, though perhaps necessarily, sacrificed to the national war effort.

Boarding-house keepers in restricted areas; proprietors of requisitioned hotels; certain professional men who have virtually lost their practices through the call-up: one-man enterprises of many kinds; and all sorts of small industrial and commercial units which have been absorbed out of individual existence may be equally affected.

THE Board of Trade is compiling its register of all who have been driven out of business since the war began.

The Ministry of Food is apparently resolved to act on similar lines for the little catering establishments.

**These are steps in the right direction, but they do not go far enough. There should be a completely *national* register for the dispossessed. It is imperative that there should be a national plan to give them a square deal.**

This would cost a lot of money. It would mean notable restrictions upon private enterprise after the war is won. But either we believe in equality of sacrifice or else we use the words as a cheap drug to quiet an uneasy conscience.

Justice is not always easy. But it is always right.

## The Selfish Few Must be Curbed

NEARLY a month of 1943—the vital year—has gone.

Time enough to show whether the country is going to make the sacrifices essential to early victory *voluntarily*.

The answer is already obvious.

Two-thirds of it will, and cheerfully.

The others are still determined not to be unduly inconvenienced.

Look round the shops.

★ ★ ★

The orgy of spending of a month ago was excused on the grounds that it was Christmas.

But Christmas is over.

Wild spending still goes on.

And will until there's a drastic weeding out of luxury and semi-luxury articles.

We looked into a big store.

We saw women's hats at ten and twenty pounds. Handbags at six, eight, twelve guineas. Artificial jewellery at ridiculous prices.

Mere phials of scent at a guinea a time. And much more that shouldn't have a place on a war time counter.

Said a departmental manager: "You can't stop people buying. Price doesn't matter."

We looked into a hairdressing and general "beauty" department.

You could get nail-polish at 6s. 6d., small boxes of powder at 6s., bottles of liquid soap at a guinea.

But you couldn't buy a razor blade.

We went into an umbrella shop.

They still prefer to re-cover your old umbrella in silk!

Now there is a grave world shortage of silk. And it is highly important to the munitions industries.

It is no more waterproof than cotton.

Yet the people who want to go through this war under a silk umbrella must be obliged.

We asked to see some new umbrellas.

We were shown them with gold on them. With silver on them. With ivory on them.

We asked to see canes. Again we could have them with gold or silver knobs.

We were told: "People like to buy good things as an investment."

Well, war loan is an investment.

It pays small dividends in cash.

It pays bigger dividends in hastening victory.

★ ★ ★

And it doesn't encourage inflation, like prodigal spending. It keeps it at bay.

In all sections of the community, to-day, you'll find the people who must have goods instead of cash—and the devil take the nation!

Or whose wastefulness may yet compel Lord Woolton to ration bread—against both his principles and his wishes.

There are cake hogs. And pastry hogs. Some with a grievance because these things they buy in big quantities aren't as rich as they used to be.

Their dustbins are evidence of their domestic wastefulness in other directions.

"I couldn't eat stuff that has been out of a tin or a jar for several hours. It is scarcely fresh," they say.

★ ★ ★

It is brutal mockery of the starving people of the occupied countries!

The world is astonished at the tremendous efforts made by the people of Britain in World War No. 2.

But all this has been achieved despite the selfish people who refuse to make the sacrifices required of them.

We expected better things of this selfish minority in 1943—the vital year.

And now it looks as if we are not going to get it.

Very well, their prodigality in money and materials must be curbed by compulsion—the sooner the better.

ARGUE IT OUT By PALLAS

# The Commonest of Man's Sins

RALPH ERIC FRASER, the Home Guard who made an imaginary flight in the rear turret of a bomber, has paid dearly for a weakness which we all have in more or less degree—vanity.

Since the war began—and it is a peculiar commentary on war that it brings out failings as well as virtues—many people, both men and women, have paid the price of vanity.

Men, otherwise decent enough fellows, put up ribbons and decorations they're not entitled to.

★ ★ ★

"Careless talk" offences may, in nearly every case, be traced not to carelessness, but to vanity.

How important people feel when they think they are "in the know"; and how deep the self-satisfaction when that scrap of information is imparted to admiring listeners.

Vanity impinges on our lives to an extent which is almost incredible. Look at yourself, study your actions, review your talk, think of the way you seek to impress others—and it's long odds that somewhere you will find more than a trace of the commonest of man's sins.

The men who delude their wives into assuming that the family income is more than it actually is are vain.

So are the wives who try to impress other women by fictitious tales of dinners at swagger hotels and of luxurious living.

Would-be philanderers invent love affairs in the mistaken idea that such amorous adventures increase their prestige among their fellow-men.

Vain women have often been tempted to play with fire in the belief that they are entitled to exploit—usually to somebody else's sorrow—what personal attraction they have.

★ ★ ★

La Rochefoucauld summed up well this frailty of humanity. "Vanity," he wrote, "causes us to do more things against our inclination than reason does."

Unhappily, inclination is a weak, tremulous and uncertain quality. It doesn't stand a chance against the subtle power of vanity.

And many of the vanities seem, after all, such petty, harmless things.

They soothe our pride and inflate our sense of self-importance.

But they have a nasty habit, as Ralph Fraser discovered, of leading us into trouble.

Truth will out. So will vanity, which is much the same thing.

The man who doubles his income on paper lands himself in a financial mess through the innocent over-spending of his wife; women who play with fire get burned.

And then comes the phase of self-pity. And the words of the psalmist, "Vanity, all is vanity," bring little comfort.

Perhaps their only crumb of comfort is that vanity will bring home to many others as has been brought home to them the lesson that life imposes penalties for living lies as well as speaking them.

## MARQUESS OF LINLITHGOW, Viceroy of India

MY LORD,—Britain is shamed by the profiteering and famine rampant in the vast land of which you are Governor-General.

"India's 400,000,000 people," we are told, "are in the toils of the world's biggest, most unscrupulous and least-controlled gang of speculators and racketeers."

Food prices have risen by 180 per cent. They are still rising.

A pound of rice, formally 1d., now costs 1s.—far beyond the pockets of the masses.

**Cultivators are holding back grain for the Black Market. There is atrocious profiteering. There is muddle and stupidity.**

**In the Punjab, there is a glut of wheat. In the neighbouring province of Delhi there is a wheat famine.**

The Government of India offers a feeble excuse by way of explanation. It pleads that many provinces are self-governing.

It should, in common honesty, admit that in most of those provinces the local government has actually been taken over by the central government at Delhi.

Moreover, that central government has sweeping emergency powers. There is practically nothing that it cannot do by a stroke of the pen.

The pen should start moving—to impose control on all the necessities of life and thus save millions from semi-starvation and exploitation.—JOHN BULL.

## Rt. Hon. ERNEST DEVIN, M.P., Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—Some of your doctors appear to think the Army is so short of men that it will welcome cro

The Army—and you—know better. And the doctors should be told that Germany's desperate measures to secure cannon-fodder are not necessary here.

One of my readers was taken ill, early in 19 with heart trouble. His doctor, a former R.A.M.C. officer, has refused to allow him to work since.

At his first medical examination for military service he was marked for Grade III. Then, last autumn he was recalled for examination.

Despite certificates from his doctor, he was put into Grade I—passed as fighting fit!

Recently he was called up. Granted leave to visit his sick mother, he was returning to barracks when he collapsed in the street.

His wife took him into a police station and has managed to get him home, where he still lies.

You will agree, I am sure, that the intensified recruiting drive will fail in its objects if unfit men are impressed for service.

**The Army will be poorer, not richer, in strength if its time is to be wasted on training men who can never become efficient soldiers.**

**So see that some doctors' enthusiasm does not take us along Germany's road!**—JOHN BULL.

# OPEN LETTERS

## The RESIDENTS, Whitehall

DEAR PEOPLE,—I have often had to complain that there are too few nurseries for the children of war workers. I now realise that there may be so few because there are so many people engaged in them.

Dunmow Council has sent you a protest because a staff of eighty-nine is employed to look after 214 children in six nurseries—an average of two "helpers" to every five youngsters.

That small local absurdity, I think, is an indication of your own prodigality with staffs and paper. What more natural than that your own methods are adopted by your offshoots throughout the country?

Thus I find local fuel offices bombarding residents with complicated forms they have already completed. Business men and industrialists tell the same story of your own over-grown system!

I have written half a dozen letters to a Whitehall Department. None is answered. Then I telephone. I am told, quite simply, that you haven't answered because you've lost the papers of the case in which I am interested!

But I am sanguine enough to expect an improvement. I know that the axe is beginning to fall on *some* of the departments in which the staff has increased tenfold since war began.

Soon, I trust, there will be far fewer of you—and then you shouldn't find it quite so easy to fall over your own feet.—JOHN BULL.

## The LORD MAYOR, Birmingham

MY LORD MAYOR,—Birmingham is busy. Birmingham is prosperous. Yet in the Birmingham of to-d there is misery that would have been pathetic e in the Hungry Forties.

And the story told so simply by Walter Farr at an inquest might have inspired Dickens to chapt of mingled pity and indignation.

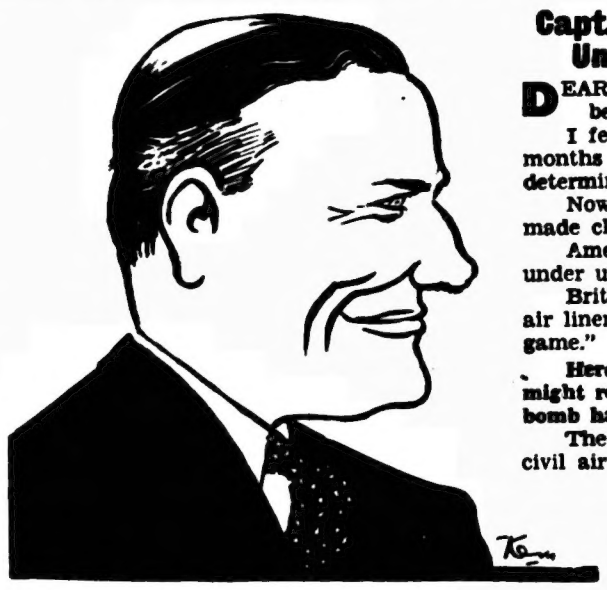
Walter Farr is sixty-nine. He worked for one f forty-eight years. Then he was given a week's no and a 5s. pension.

Next, as his old-age pension plus 5s. was n enough to keep the home, he and his wife were turn out of the house where they had lived for nearly years.

For months they lived in a public air raid shel There they snuggled close to the hot water pipe, ad ding through the dreary hours while their six s fought for their country.

His wife never complained. On New Year's D she was singing, and on that night she died f pneumonia. At the inquest, the shelter marshal sa that he too was homeless—because he had be "bombed out" two years previously!

No doubt your officials do what they can to mi gate such hardships. But neither do I doubt th equally harsh stories can be told of other great cit —and that it's time we all started to plan that Bet Britain we have promised ourselves.—JOHN BULL.



## Capt. the Rt. Hon. H. H. BALFOUR, M.P., Under-Secretary of State for Air

DEAR SIR,—Are you aiming high enough? Are you being bold enough?

I feel justified in asking, for you yourself told us months ago how broad should be our vision and how determined our actions.

Now, urgently, imperatively, is the need for action made clear.

American air chiefs threaten to "cut the sky from under us" when peace comes.

British interests urge us to start planning gigantic air liners that will "beat the Americans at their own game."

**Here is the making of bad-blooded rivalry that might result in another sort of air war when the last bomb has been dropped.**

The Americans would have a flying start. Their civil air organisation is already highly developed.

One American air line, I read, had 881 employees ten months ago. Now it has more than 3,600, and soon will have 10,000.

Other civil air lines in the New World are expanding just as rapidly. Ours, of course, have virtually come to a standstill because of the war effort.

Well, we don't want British civil aviation to be forced into extinction. As you have said, we must not only think but actually prepare for the future.

It is the duty of every citizen, you went on, to concern himself with the future. And, you added, British peace time aviation can give grounds for confidence providing we aim high enough and bold enough.

True enough. But nothing has been done since you offered that hope to fulfil it.

No attempt has been made to set up an international authority to plan peace time air organisation.

**Organisation there must be if we are to have a fair chance in the skies and if air transport is to operate for the benefit of the whole world instead of a few speculators and shareholders.**

**Particularly will air transport be needed to revive those countries stripped bare by the Nazis.**

**It will be required, no less essentially, to make the riches of far-off lands available to all mankind.**

So I ask you to translate your words into action. Take the lead in planning international agreement on the full and free use of the air!—JOHN BULL.

# 'Tiny' was Sir Stafford's Boss in the Air!

★ *Here's the full story behind the revelation that Sir Stafford Cripps acted as a gunner during a dramatic air dash to Russia*

By JOHN CASHEL

IN the eerie, grey twilight of the Arctic Circle's midnight sun, "Tiny" Hunter's Catalina flying-boat headed for Archangel on its special mission.

There were strange "goings on" aboard.

Just how extraordinary they were, the *Luftwaffe's* northern Norway patrol fortunately hadn't an inkling.

Something of the story has just been disclosed in a new official book about the work of Coastal Command. I am able to tell more about the human side of the adventure.

The time was late June, 1941. Germany had attacked Russia, and not without foresight Mr. Churchill had shortly before recalled to London for consultation our Ambassador from Moscow.

Because Sir Stafford Cripps had to get back quickly—and with him members of a military mission—a flying-boat base in the north of Scotland received a highly secret order.

It indicated that "important passengers" were travelling north.

## All His 6 ft. 8 in.!

Squadron Leader Roger ("Tiny") Hunter, D.F.C., of Costal Command's 240 Squadron, stirred his 20 stone, and ducked—all 6 ft. 8 in. of him—as he climbed into his Catalina to satisfy himself that all was ready.

His chief problem was petrol . . . to get him to Archangel—and back.

**"Had the Russians a supply of a suitable grade of octane spirit for the Catalina's engines?" Nobody knew then what the Russians had got.**

So it was decided to take enough fuel aboard for the two-way trip, and this extra weight meant leaving some of the crew behind.

"Tiny's" own 20 stone didn't help!

Sir Stafford Cripps, himself tall, looked

*As one of Lord Trenchard's "bright young men," Squadron Leader Hunter 6 ft. 8 in. tall, was a London "Bobby" with a beat in Whitehall before he joined the R.A.F. in 1937*

up wonderingly when greeting his pilot, tallest man in the R.A.F. Boarding the flying-boat with the Ambassador were a high officer of each Service—a general, rear-admiral, and air commodore.

They took off, with a twenty-one hours' journey before them.

It was planned to take them through the most dangerous area, northern Norwegian waters, during the "night."

## Action Stations

**But within the Arctic Circle under the midnight sun of June there is no real night, only three hours of partial darkness. A look-out for enemy aircraft was necessary. Constant vigilance with a skeleton crew.**

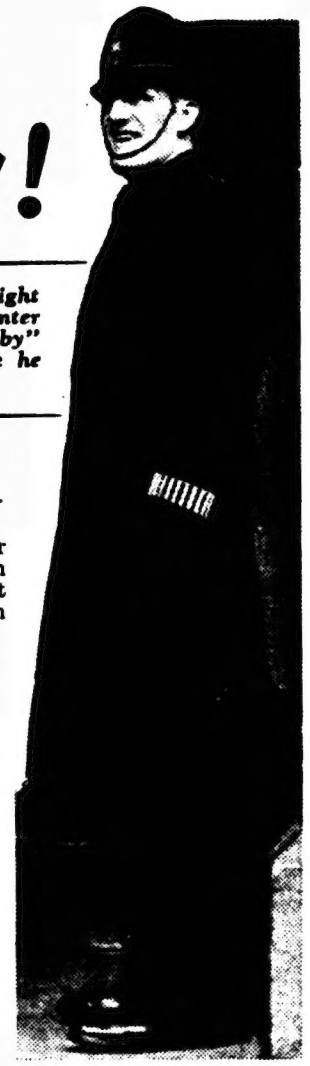
The only solution was for the distinguished passengers themselves to take a turn at "action stations"!

This was without precedent in flying history.

Readily volunteering, Sir Stafford took his turn on watch beside the guns at one turn of the blisters in the sides of the flying-boat, peering with strained eyes into the twilight for any sign of the *Luftwaffe*.

These blisters have transparent perspex as "windows," and the Ambassador was careful to keep his closed, for even in June, when the polar field ice drifts to its southernmost point, the air can be chilling.

Through the panes of other blisters, also doing their watches besides the guns, were the general, the rear-admiral and the air commodore.



What a target for a Nazi attacker to get in his sights. But no challenger appeared.

**One stage of the trip, Sir Stafford endeared himself to the skeleton crew by acting in another handyman rôle.**

**Disappearing into the galley, he made coffee and served it round to the crew and his fellow-passengers.**

Like the rest, "Tiny," with his 20 stone massed before the controls on the bridge, voted the coffee good and the service excellent!

These were colourful highspots behind a trip resulting in the safe delivery of the important personalities at Archangel, and the subsequent bare announcement: "Sir Stafford Cripps has returned to Moscow."

The harbour-master at Archangel was a woman. She was curious to learn whether England was partly peopled by giants like the Catalina's pilot.

## Hunting the "Ice Edge"

"Tiny" and his crew also learned something. The Russians had plenty of high-grade petrol to have got the Catalina home.

So ended one of the numerous trips this Coastal Command ace has made to Russia; and to the Arctic, scouring its waters for the "ice edge" to see how far our convoys can safely go north.

**A legend throughout the Command, typical of its tough flying-boat pilots, he has flown everywhere from polar seas to sunny Gib., doing the long and thankless jobs of convoy escorts and anti-submarine sweeps.**

Once, when second pilot in an old London flying-boat out on patrol off the coast of Norway, he saved the ship when a bullet from an attacking Hun killed the pilot instantly.

The pilot slumped forward over the controls; this sent the flying-boat into a steep, uncontrolled dive.

For a moment "Tiny" saw the water coming up, so it seemed, at a terrific rate to hit and engulf the crashing craft.

With one long and powerful arm he pulled his dead captain off the controls. With the other he tugged the control column back and got the ship out of the dive just before it was about to plunge into the sea.

Then he landed it, removed his comrade from the cockpit, satisfying himself that he was past human aid; took off, and brought the ship back to its base without further mishap.

**For twenty-four hours on one sweep he hunted the battleship *Bismarck* in a Catalina, in which eighteen-hour patrols are now common—thrice the endurance of the obsolete Londons.**

His irrepressible good humour radiates many amusing stories.

One is of when, finishing a patrol in driving rain and mist, he lost sight of a convoy. Three times he asked over his radio-telephone: "Can you hear me?" Still no answer.

His patience, like his petrol, running short; he added, forgetting to switch off his R.T., "All right, damn you, I'm going off home."

And back this time came a reply: "And damn you too. Good-bye!"

Another story told at his own expense is this: Asking for a convoy's position, he signalled to a French destroyer by Aldis lamp in French—and back came the answer: "Convoy is about two miles to North," in perfect English!

## His Wounded Doll

His mascot is a rag doll which, hung in the wardroom, has accompanied him on all his flying-boat adventures.

Once a German bullet hit it, and for once he really was annoyed. Another time it went down with his ship, which capsized and sank in shallow water. At the salvage his first concern was the doll.

Its "big-boy" Moscow-born owner, with a wife and child living at Harpenden, Hertfordshire, is twenty-eight.

No more colourful personality flies in the R.A.F.

**As one of Lord Trenchard's "bright young men" he was in the Metropolitan police force with a beat in Whitehall, until he resigned in 1937 to do his patrol in the skies.**

He is a rare mixture of scholar and brawn.

A noted amateur boxer, he represented Britain against America in the Golden Gloves tournament, was both police and R.A.F. heavyweight champion before the war; and, had he made the "noble art" a career, might well have qualified as world champion.

## Bed Puzzle

When he first became a flying-boat pilot he was posted to a squadron in the Shetlands in an isolated locality where he messed aboard a ship and slept in a bunk.

They had to knock down a wall to fit up his bed.

His ambition is to pilot a Beaufort torpedo-bomber. It is a vain one. He cannot get in a Beaufort's cockpit!

# BIRTH OF WORLD AIR P.C.'s

"POLES, Czechs, Fighting French, Belgians, Norwegians and Dutch took part in the day's operations," reads the R.A.F. *communiqué*.

There never was a more cosmopolitan fighting force than the R.A.F.

Fighting French come from France herself, north and equatorial Africa, Syria, Indo-China—and even the South Seas.

In North Africa Greeks, Yugo-Slavs and Jews and Arabs from Palestine fight in the skies.

★ ★ ★

And R.A.F. experts had to evolve a common language for all participants to avoid misunderstanding of instructions.

And make allowances for national temperaments so every man could be used to the best advantage.

The Poles are dashing in combat and have a Hun-hate that rises to frenzy.

They are so eager that once they were apt to be "carpeted" for breaking formation.

It was enough to teach them that you can kill more Germans with unspectacular team-work.

They have destroyed 500 enemy aircraft—seventeen by one man.

The Czechs are marvellous night-fighters.

The top-scoring night-fighter, Flight-Lieut. Karel Kuttelwascher, is a Czech, and many night-fighter squadrons are joint Czech and British.

Then many British squadrons are led by Allied airmen.

A Belgian is one—leads one of the finest squadrons in Fighter Command.

Another Belgian commands a squadron of home-British, Canadians, New Zealanders and Belgians—and which has been adopted by Bombay!

Norwegians and Dutch—fine seafarers—have been singled out for Coastal Command.

They "go to sea" from Iceland to Murmansk and far down into the Atlantic, shadowing enemy ships and keeping the sea-lanes open.

They defy blizzards to get the convoys through to Russia.

A Dutch observer who never learnt anything about piloting brought his badly damaged aircraft safely home from Norway when the pilot was killed!

★ ★ ★

These men risked death to come here.

They intend to go on living dangerously till it's Hitler's turn to crash!

The Royal Hellenic Air Force supports Montgomery's troops, sweeps the Mediterranean with its war-cry: "Out of the way—here we come!"

Even Luxembourgers, Brazilians and Lithuanians have fought with the R.A.F.

Colonial coloured airmen fly in Fighting French machines. . . .

So if, one day, an international police Air Force is needed to keep thug nations in order, we shall know how to run it—thanks to the R.A.F. and the men of all countries who fight with it.—C. B.

*General Fromm is regarded as Germany's supreme expert on recruiting*

***Wildest gamble of the Despot of Tyranny is the forced mobilisation of 2,000,000 foreigners to fight for him this year. In the end it must fail, but the attempt will be made with a ruthlessness which must not be under-estimated.***

# Frantic Bid for Huge Ersatz Army

IT is General Fromm, the Chief of the German military reserve formation, who has been ordered to recruit an Ersatz army of men of every available nationality to make up the tremendous casualties on the Russian Front.

This is probably the wildest gamble on which Hitler has yet launched out. He is staking the homogeneity of his army, so far probably his most valuable military asset, on this gamble.

## Taking a Risk

And although he must know that the dice are heavily loaded against him, he is forced, like most desperate gamblers, to take the risk.

Consider what his new plan involves.

Hitler knows that, as a supreme recruiting officer, General Fromm is unique.

**He remembers that Fromm was able to build up a vast secret army in Germany in the post-war years when the Treaty of Versailles limited the German armed forces to 100,000 men.**

If any man can turn the most impossible creatures under the most difficult conditions into soldiers it is Fromm.

But Hitler's latest request has too many snags.

The plan looks simple enough. Hitler wants Fromm to recruit 800,000 from Holland, Belgium and Poland, 250,000 from Estonia and Latvia, 400,000 from Ruthenia, 400,000 from the Ukraine, and 100,000 from Norway.

## 6,000,000 Foreign Workers

He can obviously tell Fromm that he has made a similar experiment on his labour front, that he has imported nearly 6,000,000 foreign workers into Germany, and that, furthermore, many more million Europeans are working for him outside the Reich's frontier.

But Fromm, on the other hand, must know that the imported labour slaves in Germany are actually one of Hitler's worst headaches.

Not only is their standard of work lower than that expected from a German worker. Not only are many of them going slow deliberately because they hate to work for their conquerors.

**There are also among them many well-organised anti-Nazis who have volunteered to go to work in Germany so that they can build up the nucleus of a vast Fifth Column inside the Third Reich.**

Fromm must shudder as he thinks of the bad effects—from the Nazis' point of view—which contact with the foreigners has on German workers.

He cannot but consider that similar things may be possible once his Ersatz army of foreigners has been recruited and takes up positions on the battlefronts side by side with the German army.

And recent experiences must have increased fears.

Out of thirty-eight divisions which the Russians destroyed recently not less than twenty-three were satellites. It is no depreciation of Russian valour to take this fact into account

It is obvious that Rumanian and Italian divisions in Russia will not fight with the same enthusiasm as the Germans.

And there can be no doubt that Polish legionnaires, Dutchmen and Belgians, even if the infernal methods of the Gestapo and blackmail forces them to don German uniform, will not be good fighters for Nazism.

**Hitler's attempts to recruit volunteers from the defeated Continental nations have failed miserably everywhere. In no country were there more than a few hundred quislings, mostly criminals and desperadoes, who followed his call to fight as anti-Bolshevist volunteers.**

Even Franco's Spanish Contingent, the so-called Blue Division, in Russia, was a miserable failure, and Munoz Grande, its leader, had to be sacked.

## Not Too Happy

That Ukrainians should willingly fight for Hitler is too absurd to need comment, even though there may be Latvians and Estonians who fall for the Nazi-manufactured Bolshevist bogy.

There are, however, indications that Hitler himself does not feel too happy about his plan, which dire necessity has forced him to adopt.

**The Ersatz army of many nationalities, it is reported, will be commanded by its own officers—but only up to the rank of captain. Higher ranks will be supplied by Germans.**

That is not exactly a vote of confidence in the men on whom Hitler will largely have to rely to fight his future battles.

And the character of the battles which these men will be called upon to fight will not make things easier. For nearly two years now Rumanians and Hungarians, even the Italians, have fought in Russia.

There were few difficulties, even though Russian reports suggest that the numbers of deserters from their ranks were big.

But these men, like most soldiers, were good while Hitler's fortunes of war prospered. Will they be equally good comrades-in-arms when the war goes against them?

It is more than doubtful.

## Heavy Rumanian Losses

**Already Rumania trembles from the shock of the fearful casualties which Rumanian troops suffered in Hitler's war. Revolt and chaos are the inevitable consequences of the heavy loss of blood in an unwanted adventure.**

Hungarians stuck it well while the Axis armies advanced, but now the Hungarian Government is asking Hitler to release her troops.

With few exceptions, legionnaires are no safe companions in adversity, and as the war will move nearer and nearer to Germany, as the prospect of glory, gain and conquest recedes, their gusto for fighting will give way to war-weariness.

It cannot be different with the troops which Hitler hopes to extract from his Western victims. Do you think that Belgians and Dutchmen will fight happily in Russia once they hear that the Allies are striking to liberate their countries?

## Quisling Governments

Hitler and Fromm, of course, will employ all kinds of tricks to carry out their fantastic programmes. They obviously plan to set up reinforced quisling governments whom they can persuade to declare war on the United Nations.

They will make great promises to the men whom they intend to employ as slave soldiers, will appeal to their patriotism, and certainly, in many cases, offer big bribes.

But the majority of the men, if the project is to materialise at all, will have to be lured, tricked, blackmailed, forced to fight by the most sinister of Nazi practices such as were employed against French workers.

Threats of reprisals against their families, loss of jobs and denial of unemployment benefit, crude physical force, are only some of the means.

It may work with casual labourers who can be supervised by Nazi officials, guarded by the machine-guns of the factory police, and kept secluded in remote labour camps.

It cannot be done with soldiers in a war where so much depends on the enterprise and bravery of the individual, on discipline and fighting spirit.

## His Last Gamble

Temporarily, Hitler's gamble may provide a problem for the United Nations. It will, for a time, release some of the sorely needed Nazi divisions for other duties and fronts.

But once the armies of liberation come face to face with Hitler's substitute legions the issue cannot be in doubt.

Hitler will lose his gamble. And it will be his last

W. F.

# HOW LONG

WHETHER the war ends this year, as Stalin thinks, or next year, as Roosevelt thinks, one thing is certain. It has entered on its final phase.

How long that phase will last and how it will end, events will show. But the shape of the war is fixed. All the resources are mobilised. All the principals have fallen into line.

There have been three phases. The first was the Blitz. It reached its zenith in the summer of 1940. The Battle of Britain checked it. The failure to break Britain by the destruction of our cities ended it. We were still alone, but the great Blitz gamble was over. We had got time.

*The second phase was the expansion of the war. It opened on June 22, 1941. On that day Hitler gave us a mighty ally—how mighty he little knew.*

Now we were on something like equal terms. We had time to recover and consolidate. The tide had not turned, but it was ceasing to flow against us.

* * *

Then came the third phase. Again it was Hitler who willed it. He brought the United States into the war. In doing so he gambled once more on the blitz technique. Again it had a shattering temporary effect. But again it exhausted itself.

What emerged from it was the final phase—the war of attrition. That is the war that will hold the field to the end.

**THE WAR OF SURPRISES AND GAMBLES HAS CEASED. THE WAR OF RESOURCES, MORAL AND MATERIAL, IS IN PROGRESS. NO "INTUITION" CAN DODGE IT.**

Let us look at it in the light of this fact. Take the material consideration first. The most decisive of these is man-power.

In the Blitz phase, after the fall of France, we were hopelessly outclassed in man-power. To-day the situation is startlingly reversed.

Russia's oft "annihilated" millions are sweeping the Germans before them. America has an army of seven millions—a million already in the battle lines of the world. We are at our maximum.

* * *

What is the position of Germany? As long ago as May last Mr. Churchill said that the German losses, mainly in Russia, exceeded the German losses in the whole of the last war. Those losses were approximately two million dead and four and a quarter million wounded.

This may have been an overestimate in May. It can hardly be an overestimate to-day after Stalingrad and the terrific Russian onslaught of the past two months.

**WE KNOW THAT IN ADOPTING THE SPEER PLAN, "VICTORY OR DEATH BEFORE LAST OCTOBER," HITLER DEPLETED HIS FACTORIES, AND THAT NOW HE IS SCOURING ALL EUROPE FOR SLAVES FOR HIS LABOUR FRONT.**

We have heard General Diethmar's broadcast admission last week of German shortage of men to stem the Russian tide.

Rumania, Hungary, Bulgaria, even Italy are all in rebellion against supplying further fuel for the Russian furnace. Germany her

# G CAN HITLER LAST?

**By A. G. GARDINER**

self must find the men. And the men are not there.

We know this by one conclusive fact. Let me recall what happened in 1918.

In October of that year Ludendorff told the Reichstag that all was over. Germany's reserves of men were exhausted. Even the inclusion of the eighteen-year-olds, he said, "will only increase the strength of the battalions by 100, and that is the last of the reserves."

It was this dire news that ended the war. Keep this fact in mind, and then remember this:

**IT IS NOW DEFINITELY KNOWN THAT HITLER BEGAN TO SUMMON HIS EIGHTEEN - YEAR - OLDS TO THE COLOURS A YEAR AGO—ON JANUARY 1, 1942.**

* * *

So much for man-power. Turn to relative productive power. President Roosevelt has just told us that last month America produced 5,000 planes and that the output now exceeds the total production of the whole Axis, Japan included—and Japan is no use to Hitler.

So with tanks, with guns, with ships, with all the munitions of war. Add to this our own gigantic production. Add Russia's vast output to the total. Then you will understand the gloom that overspreads the German official utterances.

Take two other comparisons—transport and fuel. In this case we, too, have our anxieties.

Hitler's one remaining hope of snatching a victory is the U-boat. Until we have conquered that menace we cannot be absolutely out of the wood. And we have not yet conquered it.

**WE SHALL NOT CONQUER IT BY BUILDING MORE SHIPS THAN IT SINKS. WE SHALL ONLY CONQUER IT BY SINKING U-BOATS FASTER THAN THEY ARE BUILT.**

When Sir Stafford Cripps' committee has done that the last nail will be driven into Hitler's coffin. And I have confidence that it will be done.

* * *

But the peril of Hitler in this connection is, I think, not curable. He is paying for his reliance on a Blitz victory. He had accumulated abundant oil for that. And he had based his transport on the certainty of that.

He built his great motor roads and let his railway system down. Now the motor roads are useless and he is perishing for the lack of locomotives and waggons.

*And the most fatal aspect of his Russian catastrophe is that after all his vast expenditure of oil there, he has not tapped the Caucasian oilfields of a pint of oil.*

Hence the symptoms of oil shortage on the Russian front and in Libya. Rommel and Hoth are sacrificed to the imperious demands of the U-boats. They must be supplied, for they are the forlorn hope of victory. When the shortage reaches them the end will be very near.

So far I have touched only on the

*The U-boat is now Hitler's deadliest weapon*

material factors in the final phase—the war of attrition. But the moral factors are no less important.

Hitler's strongest suit in starting the Blitz war was Terror. It was Fear of his invincible machine that so nearly gave him the victory. While the odds were heavily on him, that Fear hung over Europe like a nightmare. It paralysed all resistance.

But the odds are no longer on him. They are heavily against him. It would be a very reckless plunger who "made a book" on Hitler to-day.

*And as the Fear dies down the morale of Europe rises, and the morale of Germany falls. Proof of the latter is forthcoming in every bit of evidence that leaks out of that grim prison.*

Hitler's speeches, Goering's speeches, Goebbels' articles all proclaim it. So does the increasing severity of Himmler's measures of repression against internal revolt.

Hitler is like the captain of a ship in which mutiny is suspected from stem to stern. And as the spectre of defeat darkens the sky, the suspicion deepens.

Against this, set the stern solidarity of Britain, of Russia, of America. We need no Himmlers here to crack a whip over us. And in a war of attrition this moral factor is as potent as aeroplanes or tanks.

* * *

And outside Germany the waters are rising everywhere. Italy is sick with despair. In France, Vichy has received its death-blow from North Africa.

In Norway, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, the spirit of revolt is bursting into flames. Most significant of all are the tumults in the Balkans, among the Bulgarians and Rumanians, no less than among the Greeks and the Yugoslavs. Even Hungary is in revolt.

**AND WHEN THE STORM BREAKS, WHAT OF THE LABOUR FRONT OF SIX MILLION SLAVES WHICH HITLER HAS ASSEMBLED IN GERMANY TO KEEP HIS WAR FURNACE BLAZING? WHAT A FIFTH COLUMN THEY WILL BE IN THE DAY OF JUDGMENT!**

Yes, the last phase is favourable, and I still have hopes that Stalin's belief will be right.

# LECLERC OF THE CHAD

GENERAL LECLERC may join hands with General Barre even before General de Gaulle shakes hands with General Giraud, the French C.-in-C. in North Africa.

Leclerc's Gaullist forces are advancing rapidly northwards across the endless, barren sandhills of the Sahara, and units from the contingent of General Barré, who serves under Giraud's command, are moving southwards in the South of Tunisia.

Although the distances and the difficulties are colossal, they may link up soon.

General Leclerc has now entered into French history, as much as General Koenig of Bir-Hakeim fame. Their names and their deeds will be learned at French schools in the coming centuries

Leclerc's dash across 1,500 miles of Sahara desert from the Chad to the Mediterranean, perfectly timed with Montgomery's offensive in Tripolitania, is one of the most spectacular feats of this war.

* * *

But his own career is just as spectacular: promotion from the rank of a captain to that of a general in barely thirty months.

Things like that did happen in France 150 years ago—but that was in the exceptional times of the Revolution.

Then the young Republic had to fight for its life with improvised armies and only a small number of skilled officers willing to serve their country under the new régime.

Several daring young captains of twenty-two and twenty-three seized their chance. Within two years they were generals and commanded armies.

France's downfall in 1940 has again created exceptional chances for brave young French officers who refused to despair of their country.

When the cavalry captain Leclerc, though wounded in the battle of France, jumped from the prison train which was carrying him to Germany, and managed to escape to England, he certainly was not moved by personal ambition, but by the purest patriotism.

He at once volunteered to go to French Equatorial Africa for General de Gaulle.

* * *

When he landed at Duala with a message from the Free French leader, he might just as well have been arrested and shot for "treason."

But with a forceful and moving speech from the pier he won back, in a few minutes, the important colony of the French Cameroons to the cause of the Allies, without a single shot being fired.

Within a week he had achieved the same feat in nearly all other parts of French Equatorial Africa.

That is how the reconquest of French Africa began, and it was largely the work of that young unknown officer Leclerc.

What he is achieving now as a general at the age of forty he nearly performed two years ago as a newly promoted major, then lieutenant-colonel.

It was when Wavell was pressing the Italians back into Tripolitania. Leclerc then crossed the Sahara with an improvised, poorly equipped force which took the oasis of Kufra and Murzuk, and seemed to threaten the enemy in the rear.

* * *

But when Wavell had to retreat, Leclerc's position in the desert became hopeless. He returned to the Chad and prepared patiently for another opportunity, with stronger forces and better equipment.

The men in Vichy, who, meanwhile, had him sentenced to death through a servile court-martial in order to please their Axis masters, sneered at his "illegal" promotions which they declared void, like all those signed by General de Gaulle.

But the people of France do not care about what the Axis puppets say. For the people of France Leclerc is a general and all his men are heroes.

**VICTOR SCHIFF.**

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' COMMENTS

# LIMELIGHT ON REV. WARD

**SO much is owed to our merchant seamen that any appeal on their behalf is certain of wide support.**

**So it is all the more desirable that individuals and concerns collecting money in their name should be above criticism.**

Unfortunately, this is not always so.

Information furnished by one of my investigators prompts me to turn the limelight of publicity on a very busy organisation called the Incorporated Seamen and Boatmen's Friend Society whose literature boasts branches in various parts of the country.

*Here is Mr. Ward who, in his young days, worked as a miner*

I say at once it is quite unworthy of the widespread support it seeks. Its work is largely redundant or unnecessary.

It is directed by the Reverend Doctor William Ward, and all communications for the Society have to be addressed to him at Wildew House, 134, Knightlow Road, Harborne, Birmingham.

Judging from the Society's literature, one would naturally expect to find this a commercial building used as office-headquarters.

**Actually, it is a fine private house in one of Birmingham's best residential districts, which was acquired by the Rev. Dr. Ward a few years ago.**

He lives there with his wife.

## Claim of Great Work

The literature of the Society speaks of the great work it is doing for seamen and boatmen, and states that its recreation, coffee and reading rooms in different parts of the country are "Homes from Home."

It talks proudly of its "Missionaries," and claims to provide warm clothing and other assistance for destitute seamen and their families. One of its chief aims is to keep seamen, ashore, from "less desirable places."

Ward, who signs himself the Society's "Superintendent and General Recording Secretary," is described as both a Reverend and a Doctor.

From our inquiries, I can say quite definitely that he is certainly not a minister of any of our well-known denominations.

**His claims to be a Doctor of Divinity rests on the grant of a degree from an obscure American "university" whose chief requirement was the payment of its customary fee.**

In about a dozen towns, notably at Newcastle-on-Tyne, Bristol, Plymouth, Liverpool and Hednesford—where in his younger days he worked as a miner—local "Superintendents" have been installed by Ward to guide the Society's destinies under his roving control.

## Bestowed 'Rev.' Title

Most of them are also described as "Reverend," and it seems that Ward has bestowed extraordinary powers upon himself since the days when he worked in a Hednesford colliery.

*For in a room at his Harborne home he personally bestowed the title of "Reverend" on these "missionaries," after taking them through a little ceremony of his own inspiration and "annointing" them by his own hand!*

So they call themselves "Revd.," and go about wearing clerical dress.

How can a man like Ward, who is not an accredited minister of any recognised denomination, do such a thing?

The answer is that there is absolutely nothing, as the law stands, to stop him!

A good deal of the money is raised by street collections and house-to-house appeals made by these clerically attired "missionaries" and by men wearing a sort of Merchant Navy officers' uniform.

**Lately, I'm glad to say, some of Ward's "Revd." disciples have found that the local police are not so willing to grant them permission for this.**

I have discovered that in recent months permission to make such collections in the Society's name have been refused by the police at Warwick, Bristol, Northumberland, the Western District of Dorset, Newcastle and Plymouth.

The Revd. Jeffery Buckle, who is one of Ward's "missionaries," was turned down by the police at Warwick when he sought to make a special collection there a few months ago. But he has held one recently at Leicester without bothering to seek the necessary permission!

**Both he, and the Society, have been proceeded against by the Chief Constable of Leicester under the House-to-House Collecting Act, 1939. Convictions and fines resulted.**

Buckle and the Society contended that, in calling on people who had previously subscribed, they were not infringing the Act.

But the magistrates held that they were and, despite an appeal made to a higher court, the convictions against them have now been sustained.

## Much Criticism

*Several local bodies have severely criticised the Society from time to time. Not long ago the Lord Mayor of Hull said that out of £200 collected locally only £12 had been devoted to the benefit of sailors.*

In fact, some time ago when a special inquiry was made into the Society's alleged work in Hull it was reported (by impartial and highly reputable investigators representing a genuine charity movement) that "the work of the Incorporated Seamen and Boatmen's Friend Society in Hull is redundant and ought to be closed down."

**On another occasion, following a special visit paid to the Newcastle branch of the Society by a Captain of the Merchant Service, a report was made that he found about thirty people in the room who were not seafaring men and that clothing donated for free distribution was being sold!**

Moreover, the Society was severely criticised before the Joint Committee of the House of Lords and Commons during its collection of evidence preparatory to the House-to-House Collecting Bill coming into force in 1939.

The chief critics then were members of the Representative Council of Seamen's Missions and Sailors' Homes, a body brought into existence through the direct request of the Duke of Windsor (then Prince of Wales) and of which Lord Ebbisham is the present Chairman.

## Not Recognised

This Council consists principally of representatives of *every* genuine seamen's home, mission or similar organisation, and, together with that unassailable body, the King George's Fund for Sailors, refuses to recognise the Incorporated Seamen and Boatmen's Friend Society.

So, when you get an appeal, either verbally or in writing, from the "Revd. Dr. W. Ward, D.D.," or any of his paid helpers, tell them you'd much rather subscribe to an organisation that *is* recognised by King George's Fund for Sailors, which does such great work in the real interests of our gallant seamen.

## A DOGGY STORY

ONCE again I find it desirable to warn people not to send money in advance to unknown advertisers.

No matter whether the announcements relate to "bargains" in furniture, radio sets, typewriters, musical instruments, bedding, or household pets, never send money without making preliminary inquiry as to the credentials of the advertisers.

One reader, for instance, recently answered an advertisement and received a communication headed:

"Bell and Harvey. Dealers in Pedigree Stock, Birds, Dogs, Poultry. Hotels and Restaurants supplied.—28, Beckett Street, Leeds."

★ ★ ★

The letter stated that they were able to supply dogs of "champion pedigree," and my reader wired £7 by Money Order.

The animal selected was supposed to be despatched on a certain train, but it did not arrive, although the client met several later ones.

He has now learned that the man running the "Bell and Harvey" concern had just previously rented an empty shop in another name and, after being seen there only occasionally, disappeared.

The Leeds police are now making inquiries about him, as other complaints have been received.

Had inquiries been made before, instead of after, the event the victims concerned would have saved themselves both money and trouble.

## PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

*Mr. M. France, Bispham Road, Penketh Lane Ends, Warrington, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for information.*

*Letters are welcomed about any ramp or scandal needing inquiry or comment. Address: "Public Benefactor," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

# SWAFFER TELLS YOU...

## WILL THE COMMUNISTS JOIN LABOUR?

● Formal application by the Communist Party to join the Labour Party will come up at the next Socialist conference.

As a consequence, issues of serious import are aroused.

Labour, being a party to the political truce, cannot fight elections.

The Communists, no party to any truce, are taking advantage of the admiration of Russia's great victories by spreading Communist propaganda everywhere.

The more this goes on, the more will Labour be hampered at the next election.

While on the one hand Communists might give Labour greater voting strength, there are in the trade union movements many leaders who hate Communism and all its works, fear it, suspect it, and fight it tooth and nail.

Besides, it may be argued, if Labour went to the country with a strong Communist backing, the Communists would demand a certain number of seats which their candidates might lose.

In some divisions, the Tories would only have to raise the cry of "Communism" to scare away many people of the Common Wealth type, and others who, accepting the Archbishop of Canterbury's views, might otherwise vote Labour.

Labour faces, indeed, a problem of the utmost complexity. Yet, all the time, Communistic views spread.

## THE NEW DEAL WITH CHINA

There was, at one time, some sort of logic in our occupation of twenty-five treaty ports in China.

And, in some ways, we justified our Bossdom. Modern cities were built, Western civilisation spread, and invariably officials of irreproachable honesty ran the affairs of the treaty ports.

So much was this true that British officials were often hired by the Chinese Government.

But, just as we should have felt insulted by foreign occupation of our ports, so did the Chinese. Besides, a new China arose, one which had ideas often in advance of our own.

Her system was transformed. She moved on towards a higher dignity.

This being so, China felt it an indignity to be considered inferior to foreigners in any way.

The new understanding paves the way for ever greater co-operation.

Also, in the post-war world, if we offer to China economic assistance, she will now know that, as the treaty ports are her's again, there are "no strings to it," and that we have no ulterior motive.

To-day the Chinese and ourselves are on terms of absolute equality.

China, indeed, is now not only a partner in a great crusade, but, master in her own house, is acknowledged as an equal in every sense.

# RILEY KILLS THIRTY-ONE SECONDS

A SLICE OF LIFE By WALDO KELLAR

IT was not often that Mr. Riley needed a drink, and when he did he preferred to drink alone—one sherry, two sherries; a little something; not much, hastily bought, quickly paid for, and hurriedly swallowed.

In this manner he avoided drinking companions. On the rare occasions when his acquaintances saw him in a public-house he was always hurrying out.

This morning he needed a gin-and-French. He put on his little round hat, left his office, and slunk rather furtively to the saloon-bar of the "Bantam."

He looked right and left, saw nobody he knew, and sidled rapidly to the door. It was locked.

Riley looked at his reflection in the shiny wooden surface, as if to assure himself that his puffy, pale young face, with its shapeless slit of a mouth and its nervous light eyes, was still composed.

Twenty-nine and a half minutes past eleven; half a minute to kill before opening-time. He edged along the pavement to the window of a newsagent's shop and waited, fuming.

*Twenty-nine and a half minutes past eleven; half a minute to kill before opening time*

MR. RILEY was out of sorts. He had a slight nervous headache. His wife wanted to go on the films, and had become a bore. The beautiful French woman who had displayed such passionate interest in him was interested in somebody else. He was afraid of his superior at the office. He was afraid of death. He was afraid of violence. He was afraid of losing his money.

His nerves were on edge.

"Oh, God, oh, God," he whispered. If anybody spoke to him he would say, "Amazing how little the displays in these shop-windows vary"—and go back to the office. All the same, he wanted a gin-and-French very badly indeed.

His fingers nervously fumbled with the packet of chewing-gum which was to take away the smell of the alcohol. *For God's sake, hurry!* The mean, timorous soul of Mr. Riley quivered and palpitated like a new-born mouse.

*Time never passes. Life never moves. Everything comes to nothing.*

Mr. Riley had the habit of counting things. He knew that his watch had to tick 147 times before the pub. opened at eleven-thirty.

But—this was an awful thought—would it be proper to go in at exactly eleven-thirty? Might they not say among themselves:

"Look at that Mr. Riley—waiting on the doorstep for us to open"?

For were not the eyes of the world upon him? Had he not noticed how people glanced at him as he passed them in the street? How the 'bus conductors gave him strange, searching looks?

"God, God, God!" whispered Mr. Riley, and, pretending to smooth his hair, listened to the ticking of his watch.

At that moment behind a cotton-bale on a wharf in deep Asia, a rat turned its head and tried to bite out something that caused it some discomfort between the shoulders: a flea. The rat killed the flea.

But the flea had already bitten the rat, injecting into its bloodstream some hundreds of thousands of germs.

The germs were the germs of bubonic cholera. The rat went to drink. This was the beginning of a plague which was destined to sweep the East, killing 7,000,000 people.

This, also, was the instant of conception of countless men and women all over the earth.

In Paris there suddenly came into being the microscopic live thing that contained all the brain, the soul, the shapes, colours and habits of a man who, fifty years later, was to change the face of the world.

A MASTER-SCULPTOR was begotten in Prague; also an heir essential to a huge and terrible Imperial Policy.

The personality of an evil World Dictator was, in that flash of time, fixed and predestined. Ten thousand murderers settled down in the procreative darkness within their mothers, to grow and mature to their evil conclusions.

Before the watch had ticked three times a generation was fixed, and a piece of the globe repopulated.

A swarm of men, women and children breathed their last. A beggar, rolling over on a bench, expired under the placard of a newspaper, which said: SITUATION GRAVE: PREMIER.

An aged man in New York slipped through the fingers of fifteen doctors, leaving 3,000,000,000 dollars and eleven cents.

A match factory in the North, hurling out trillions of matches, in the instant of the fourth tick, produced a certain red-tipped match.

With this match, three months later, a patriot in the Balkans was destined to set fire to a certain Treaty, thereby inflaming a nation to desperate rebellion, and so dragging half a world into a war.

A boy of six, looking out of the window of a train, caught one fleeting glimpse of a jagged cloud over a ragged hill. From a concealed sun, three long triangles of white light sprouted. Glittering like a diamond in this light flew a bird.

THE boy remembered this, and twenty years later was to write a symphony which would draw tears from a thousand billion people over a space of six centuries.

A thin squalling from a hospital bedside told a waiting father that his child had been born. This child was to be Pope.

A doctor raised his head from the cup of his hands and said, "Well?" A man said, "Save the mother." In a split second the decision was made. The child, if it had been permitted to live, would have been something like a god.

Several thousand light-years away, something went slightly wrong. A mass of rock vaster than 50,000 big planets collided with another mass twice as large.

The whole hideous lump shot away from the orbits which, for immemorial ages, had controlled the two parts of it, and went roaring down infinite space.

In exactly 98725369991019872286352699-821 years, 11 months, 1 week, 3 days, 2 hours, 1 minute and ½ second, it would wipe the sun, the planets and our earth completely out of existence.

A scientist, who for six months had been gazing down the barrel of a microscope, saw something move.

It was a new and dreadful microbe, which—unless, in another moment, another man received another inspiration—might denude the whole earth of vegetation.

In Tacoma, a fat man swallowed the last crumb of a meat pie, and was declared Champion Pie-Eater of the United States of America.

In Eastern Europe, a peasant, looking at his wheat, grew pale and crossed himself. He had seen blight.

The earth, spinning at a thousand miles an hour, travelled ten miles.

* * *

"Oh, God, thank God," said Mr. Riley; and then bit his lip as he thought of the beautiful French woman. He approached the "Bantam," paused. It would not do to be the very first customer. It would look bad.

He walked slowly round the block to kill five minutes.

## PUZZLE OF THE LABEL LURE

WE'VE changed a bit since Rabbie Burns' day. The man was the man in his day. The rank was but the guinea stamp. It was the gold that mattered.

But now it's all different.

Take the American admiral who said the other day that the war will be over—including the Japanese bit in the Pacific—by the end of this year.

We were all impressed. Not because the American admiral had to say what he had to say. But because he was an American admiral.

* * *

As an American admiral, you see, he was somebody. At home, as plain papa, he is probably nobody at all. It was not the *man* we were all listening to. It was the *admiral*.

Take *me*. If I were to get up on a tub at the corner of the street and declare at the top of my voice that the war will end at seven o'clock next Pancake Day, nobody would take the slightest notice of me.

But if I were Permanent Under-Secretary to the Ministry of Green Fly, and *then* got up on a tub and did my turn, everybody in the country would listen.

Not because I was right. Not because I was wrong. Not because I was *me*. But just because I was Permanent Under-Secretary to the Ministry of Green Fly.

It's an astonishing aspect of human life. Give a man a label—any old label—and we all stand gaping at him and listening and letting him do his turn.

He may have worn the label only for half an hour or so. He may lose it before morning. But so long as he's got it on he can have the platform.

The man is but the guinea stamp. The rank's the rank for a' that. . . .

You've known men in your own town. Men you've never looked at, men you've never listened to. Suddenly they get on the local council. They have a label. "Councillor." And you immediately swallow all they have to say.

But take away the label!

Who listens to an ex-Prime Minister, however he may foam at the mouth? We turn away now. He's lost his label. He's the same man with the same brain. But we won't listen now.

Of course, we're the fools. If we can't judge a man's worth and character until we see what he's wearing in his buttonhole we deserve what we sometimes get. I don't know what Rabbie Burns would say.

* * *

But I do know that whatever he said, in these days, none of us would take the slightest notice unless he had first taken the precaution to get himself appointed Controller of Rhymes and Verses before he said it.

You don't have to be *somebody* now. You've got to be *something*. And any old thing will do.

So long as you're an American *admiral* you can tell us the war will finish this year.

So long as you're a Scottish *professor* you can tell us the war will last till 1960.

So long as you've got your label on we'll believe you.

Both of you!

A. G.

## THIS'LL MAKE YOU THINK

### HUMAN MACHINE

**If ever you feel thoroughly discouraged, downhearted and fed-up, you might do worse than consider Mr. Winston Churchill.**

**Everyone knows that he went to Harrow. Not everyone knows that during his whole career there he never got out of the Lower School!**

**It is well known that he went to Sandhurst. It is not nearly so well known that it took him three tries to do it!**

**To-day he is Prime Minister and one of the most famous men in the world. There is a moral there for the faint-hearted.**

**Mr. Churchill may therefore be presumed to know what he is talking about. In his book, *My Early Life*, he has things to say that should be heard and pondered by all.**

**"Don't be content with things as they are. 'The earth is yours and the fulness thereof.' Enter upon your inheritance; accept your responsibilities.**

**"Don't take 'No' for an answer. Never submit to failure. Do not be fobbed off with mere personal success or acceptance.**

**"You will make all kinds of mistakes; but as long as you are generous and true, and also fierce, you cannot hurt the world or even seriously distress her.**

**"She was made to be wooed and won by youth. She has lived and thrived only by repeated subjugations."**

**Those are inspiring words. They are a trumpet-call to every one of us. Addressed to youth, they are equally exciting to middle age.**

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD. No. 6 By FRANK STUART

# The Flight that was 'Madness'

★ When we look back on the war we'll marvel most at the achievement time and again of what should have been utterly impossible—like the air dash described in the last yarn of this saga of courage

CHINA National Aviation Corporation was just one of those up-to-date concerns that the New China was developing—when the Japs came along and tried to smash everything.

It used big Douglas air liners to fly passengers around China. Handsome, gleaming things, those Douglas machines, able to carry twenty-one people apiece at a maximum.

The Japanese soldiery poured like a yellow flood into China, and the air liners performed miracles evacuating women and children to Burma.

**But the Japs hadn't finished. They came down through Indo-China and into Burma, mopping up Malaya and Singapore on their way. Ahead of them, as always, ran rumours of their doings: bayoneting, burning, crucifying, torturing.**

Once more a vast-winged Douglas air liner stood quivering on the tarmac, waiting to help in an evacuation. That tarmac was pitted with bomb craters.

The smouldering and twisted ruin of another air liner still smoked on an edge of the field where a bomb from a Mitsubishi had caught it.

*Mothers were frantic about their children*

The liner that remained was the last one that would leave Burma before the invaders completed their sweep through the country. It was operating from an airfield too small for it, and further imperilled by the pitted runway.

## Paratroop Threat

Already the shudder of gunfire could be clearly heard. At any moment more Japanese aircraft might come over, perhaps with paratroops this time.

But the problem that confronted the Skipper of that aeroplane was apparently insoluble. His machine was built to carry twenty-one people.

Twenty-two small children waited patiently on the airfield, and about seventy other people, many of them women.

**Captain Charles Sharp, Chief Pilot and Operations Manager of the C.N.A.C., had stayed behind, like the commander of a stricken ship, to take this last load himself. He stared round at the people, the women with their drawn faces, the children frightened because their elders were frightened. . . .**

For no reason that anyone could see, he began to sort out the mob into groups of fat, medium and thin. His brain did swift and exact calculations with figures, as the gunfire throbbed on the hot air—figures on which everyone's lives depended.

He was working out the approximate weights of the passengers.

When you overload an aeroplane, you can't put people in like you put them in a crowded 'bus. For the aircraft has to be trimmed so that it maintains flying stability and keeps an even keel.

"Pull the arms and upholstery off those seats!" he commanded shortly.

Men started to ask questions, but were silenced by Sharp's fierce, absorbed face. The inside of the luxury liner soon resembled a boys' dormitory after a pillow-fight, with rags and stuffing and dust everywhere, and splinters and twisted metal and ruins in that once-perfect interior, where pretty air-hostesses had walked.

Everything that could be torn or levered out was ruthlessly put outside on a rubbish-heap that grew every moment. Sharp calculated its weight, and bit his lip.

"You!" he said, jerking a thumb to the women. There were twenty-one of them.

**"But — the children . . ." a mother began, gripping her little girl painfully, tears welling in her eyes.**

**"Do as you're told!" Sharp ordered. "Get in!"**

They filed in, while the distant guns rumbled. They crammed one against another along the seats whose arms had been removed.

"Now you — you—you—you—you—you—you!"

Seven men, some of them wounded, followed the women into the seats. Sharp picked them, frowning, each according to his guessed weight, so as to trim the ship. He looked them over, moved one and another to different places.

"Now you children," he said.

His grim face relaxed into half a smile as the youngsters fled, like chicks beneath a mother-hen, to the aching arms outstretched for them

"You'll have to shuffle out a bit," he added. "That girl further along. Right! Now then, young shaver . . . move to the end. Yes—and you. Ah! That looks all right."

Fifty passengers already in the machine designed to carry at most twenty-one and the pilot.

## Seemed Hopeless

**There were still some wounded men, quietly waiting, thinking their chance had gone. Some were white, some coloured.**

Sharp pointed to four of them.

"In the lavatory," he said. "You'll have to crowd a bit."

They went obediently along the gangway and took their places.

"Some of you in the forward mail compartment. How many will it take? You—yes, you—you two. . . ."

They got six men in the mail-box "with a shoehorn," as some of the passengers said afterwards.

"Now some along the central gangway, between the seats. Come along. You wounded fellows. Right! Now you—you. . . ."

Fourteen men were crammed along the gangway, tightly pressed against one another.

"We can't fall, anyhow," one said grinning.

"We can't—but the ship might!" came the whispered answer.

Seventy-four passengers aboard. Sharp had still to take his place at the controls.

**He walked round, admiring his handiwork. Those who were left behind began to melt away. They had to think how they could get to India on foot.**

## All Over Again

"Sorry," Sharp said. "She won't trim. You'll have to go for'ard. Change places with that fellow there. And you. Yes—that's right."

The aeroplane spewed out people, and took them all in again in a different order. At last the pilot was satisfied.

He went forward and sat down in his place. His hands flitted over the controls. The passengers felt the big machine quivering, like a thing imbued with life of its own and gathering its strength to soar.

They did not know what Sharp knew—that to get them off the ground at all, he would have to push the engine revs. far above the safety maximum, and force the manifold pressure clean beyond the danger-line.

**They trusted that hard-faced pilot absolutely, never dreaming that he was trying to do a thing the designer of that machine would have said was just impossible.**

She gathered her strength, and the motors thundered to a tune they had never known. No one but a madman—or a man inspired—would have dared to sit behind them when they sang that note. . . .

Still the aircraft did not move.

And then it began to move. It wobbled forward slowly, then faster. A huge black blot of a bomb crater slid past like an inky splash beneath one wing, and the aircraft tilted a little as the wheels rode over some rubble at the edge.

## Throttles Wide

Only Sharp knew that another foot of tilt would have dug a wing into the ground and sent the machine spinning round in a flaming circle of burning petrol and ruin.

The end of the runway approached, and the machine was not airborne. No chance to stop now. . . .

Give her the gun, by God!

She ploughs on, gets her wheels off the ground, heads dead at some trees with her throttles wide and no man on earth able to do any more.

Back to the airfield, spectators are screaming at the impending tragedy.

And then she is over, her wheels cutting away boughs from the treetops. She won't rise, but there is no other obstacle immediately in her path. She roars on.

Sharp, at the controls, shakes the sweat out of his eyes, and licks his lower lip. It is bleeding freely, where his teeth had gripped it.

Behind him, a child laughs with glee.

Seventy-four passengers instead of a maximum of twenty-one. Will she keep up? Will she be spotted by a Jap fighter? Will bad weather develop, because in that case everyone aboard is for the high jump!

**There are still air experts in Britain and America who say that flight could not have been made. But it *was* made!**

Sharp got his machine safely to India, found an aerodrome, and brought the aircraft down, overloaded as it was, in a perfect landing, after flying over some of the worst mountains in the world.

The courage and faith of this man achieved the impossible.

# DOES SAME HAPPIES

## By HUMANIST

HERE'S a problem that must have been argued thousands of times, but will no doubt crop up as many times again.

**"Would an artist,"** *writes a reader,* **"be better married to another artist or to a good domestic worker and cook? I can understand men thinking it a woman's duty to give up her career in order to make her husband successful and happy by being charming and a good mother to his children; but why should a woman with a fine brain sacrifice herself to become a domestic slave and general manageress?"**

I have no doubt about the sincerity of the writer, but she isn't logical. She has twisted the whole subject round!

The original question was not whether a woman ought to sacrifice her career in order to become a housekeeper-cook-general manageress-mother-and-hostess, but whether an artist would be happy married to such a woman.

If he is a selfish type of artist he will demand that his wife sacrifices herself in order to promote his happiness.

She will cook for him and darn his socks; she will entertain his friends; she will mother his children; it has happened scores of times.

On the other hand, a poet may marry a poetess and be intensely happy. So were the Brownings. A man of genius will be happy with a woman of genius, but not if he is unselfish.

**"I wonder whether you could advise me about my problem,"** *writes a young man.* **"I suffer from an impediment in my speech. I go up to a person with the intention of saying something and I just can't get it out at all.**

**"At other times I get it out only after a lot of stuttering.**

## SHARING IT ALL

*IS there anyone to-day who is not anxious? Is there anyone to-day who's wholly glad? Is there anyone to-day who hasn't given a great many of the things they've always had? Is there anyone to-day who isn't toiling beneath the strain of things they don't discuss? Is there anyone to-day who isn't doing the best they can without the greatest fuss?*

*IS there anyone to-day who isn't holding some Fort in Life, though it may seem remote, is there anyone to-day whose heart is singing a song without a deep and minor note? Is there anyone to-day who isn't striving to smile when all the while they long to weep? Is there anyone to-day who isn't wondering just how much they can spare and how much keep?*

*IS there anyone to-day who isn't somewhere within the sweeping Circle of Death's Wings? Is there anyone to-day who's not discovered that there's little worth in owning many things? Is there anyone to-day whose Book of Living is free from smudges caused from falling tears? Is there anyone to-day who hasn't hidden within their breast some small, unspoken fears?*

*IS there anyone to-day who isn't better for all the hardships which they've struggled through? Is there anyone to-day who's so short-sighted that they'd rather save their skin than do their bit? Well, if there is,* Life will drive swiftly past them *and in the New World they'll prove a strange Misfit.*

J. M.

# ORK MAKE ARRIAGE?

lany a I've said nyself that ill be bold talk as ough I n't a care the world, it hasn't a success. Do you k I could re myself gargling? should I a throat ialist?" don't think gling will to cure tutter, al-gh it is ex-lent for th gener-

*Can a career go with domestic work*

Nor do I k the throat ialist will help much, for the ble does not lie altogether in the ical make-up.

ut there is a speech therapist in big hospitals and he (or she) is one to consult.

ympathise with the young man: an ediment in speech is a bad handicap. ave read many books about the ect but there is no short-cut remedy.

E latest idea, suggested by an American psychologist, is that the victim should make himself stam-or stutter for practice. He will ently find that he can stammer or as he pleases!

e same problem is described by a ried woman of twenty.

"I am busy at home in the mornings," *she says*, "and in the afternoons I do part-time work in an office, where I have to interview people. You can imagine What a nuisance this stuttering is to me.

"I am much too self-conscious about it, but I can't help it. I never speak at all unless I absolutely have to. The only two cures I have heard about are (1) reading aloud, and (2) having a baby. Is there any operation I could undergo which would cure me? Do you think hypnotism would help? But I don't care for the idea, as it weakens the will."

Reading aloud is often valuable, especially verse with a well-marked rhythm. A stammerer can sing without any difficulty.

I don't recommend the other suggested cures, and it is a mistake to think that hypnotism affects the will-power.

MEN suffer from speech impediments more frequently than women, and boys more than girls. Many children stammer for a while and recover naturally. Some of them pick it up by hearing others.

There is nothing to worry about if a child stammers only in moments of excitement, but it should not be noticed.

Relaxation is all-important for all stammerers and stutterers. They are always in a state of tension. Even that "air-lock" in the throat is due to psychological causes.

I have recently read a twopenny leaflet entitled "The Stammering Child and How He can be Helped," which contains eight pieces of advice to parents and two relaxation exercises.

If fathers and mothers have cause to be worried by this problem I will tell them where to get it. For children in the initial stages the leaflet strikes me as very good indeed.

★ *If you are in doubt write to Humanist at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted (without, of course, giving your name).*

## KEEP GOING!

E are always thrilled to read of dogged exploits of our fighting men who o going in all circumstances. But does lways occur to us to display the same cious qualities at home?

ven in the prosaic business of salvag-scrap metal and waste paper, a dogged everance can mean all the difference ween success and failure.

ccasional big spurts won't do. It is essary to have a steady flow of all kinds alvage to meet the growing demands to ensure 100 per cent. war effort.

o don't slacken. Keep going, and re-mber everything you save is helping to eat the enemy.

## READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

T this modern colliery I have this week had six separate pay checks six days' work. This when the com-y is short of staff and the country rt of paper!—"Miner," Bledworth.

★ ★ ★

There is a "Bed and Breakfast" ket. Men arriving to work in a ange town, also transport drivers, are rged 6s. 6d. for bed and breakfast small, rough-and-ready cafés. The ognised price for transport men is pre-war 3s.—Fred French, Northamp-.

★ ★ ★

Walking along the main street I saw taxi draw up and three women erged with shopping baskets. Surely opping by taxi is a waste of petrol.—s. M. Raymond, Manchester.

★ ★ ★

Although the ground on which we are ilding a military hospital is overrun h rabbits, we workmen are not allowed to trap or snare the rabbits when work is done. In the canteen we have meatless days, while hundreds of "meat" dinners run about under our noses!—"Rabbits," South-West.

★ ★ ★

Shaded street lights have been burning day and night in the narrow streets of the City of London for months past. The City Fathers should do something to stop this waste.—Mr. Wheeler, Shirley, Surrey.

★ ★ ★

The Government should comb out some of the young men employed in the B.B.C. and other dance bands before calling up boys of seventeen.—"Mrs. G.," West Ealing, London.

★ ★ ★

Panel patient travelled ten miles to see specialist at hospital. Waited six hours and then had to leave, told to call again another day!—R. Galsworthy, Exmouth.

★ ★ ★

My husband serving with the —— Regiment in the North says that the men are forced to go to regimental dances. If they don't attend they have to pay for tickets just the same.—Mrs. ——, South Shields.

★ ★ ★

The Beveridge Report is a wonderful plan for the old people of the next generation or so, but not this. Meanwhile, how are old age pensioners to exist on £1 a week?—J. Holme, Bolton.

★ ★ ★

Suits made to measure with a few inches extra on the trousers, then, after delivery, taken back to be turned up at the bottoms. That's the way to beat Hitler—or is it?—G. A. Downer, Blidworth, Notts.

[redacted]

*FROM a Royal Naval Hospital P.O. R. A. Cooper writes home to his uncle at North Square, Dorchester, telling of a surprise meeting with a German:*

I am safe and very nearly O.K. again, after a decidedly "damp" experience. It all happened very quickly. After our small ship had been hit and a few of us had taken a compulsory dive overboard, the Jerry plane responsible was also hit by one of our escorting ships.

The Germans baled out, and one of them landed plonk into the sea a few yards from me. He swam in my direction shouting something I couldn't understand, and then he attempted to grab hold of me.

Well, I wasn't having any of that lark, especially as I was feeling pretty sore about my own plight

He looked a bit pathetic when I pushed him off: I expect I did, too.

Then he rolled over on to his back and clawed at his throat. His helmet had been forced off his head and the chin-strap was tight round his throat. The pressure of water inside and against the helmet was pulling the chin-strap so tight that he was slowly choking.

However, at that moment one of our rescue boats came along and we were both hauled out of the water. A split kneecap finished me up in hospital.

Apart from that I am all right and anxious to get "amongst it" again.

It's a great life with plenty of excitement and thrills. Keep smiling!

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

### "LOVE TO MONTY!"

*Cheerfulness continues to be a feature of letters from our men in German prison camps. A prisoner writing to his friends in Lincolnshire ends his message with "My love to Monty," a tribute to General Montgomery which escaped the attention of the German censor:*

I am feeling fit, thanks to the Red Cross parcels, which arrive pretty regularly. I must tell you about our weekly pudding-cum-cake which I and two pals make every Sunday afternoon.

It may not be very "light," but it helps to fill our empty spaces. Tell Joyce that I will show her a thing or two about cooking when I get home, which may not be very long according to recent events. Cheerio, and my love to Monty.

### INDIAN LYRICS

*A glimpse of the story-book "India" comes in a letter from Cpl. Leaper, R.E., to his parents at North Road, Southend-on-Sea:*

Last night we were invited to a special party at an Indian's house—a great privilege for a European.

In the main room the centre was cleared while we sat cross-legged on the carpet. Each of us had been given a tin of fifty cigarettes.

We had music and song, and then came the "star turn." A beautiful dancing girl came slithering into the room and did her song-and-dance number in brilliant style.

She wore a long white-pleated skirt, with short sleeves, a gaily coloured shawl, and jewelled slippers.

There were caste marks on her forehead, a gold ring, three inches in diameter, through her nose, with a gold chain from the ring to one ear, and loads of bangles and bells on her ankles.

She should have sung "My spurs go jingle, jangle"!

A very pleasant evening.

### AND THRILLS

*And another side of life in India described by W./O. A. Brown, R.A., in a letter to his relatives at Ifield Wood, Crawley, Sussex:*

The journey had its thrills. The mountains we came through were mountains and a half.

You could look over the sides of our lorries to a sheer drop of 5,000 or 6,000 feet and see the road we had previously climbed zig-zagging six or seven times down the stark mountain-side. In places the passes are only a few feet wide, with a sheer drop over the edge

However, we all got through all right, and shall be quite comfortable here for a few days—except for the snakes, scorpions, flies, mosquitoes and hyenas. But we have seen them before on our travels.

Seems strange, but we went to a cinema about twenty-five miles away and saw Laurel and Hardy in "A Chump at Oxford," which was pretty dull, but we had a good meal afterwards.

### —AND THEN BLIGHTY

*Serving with the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force, Pte. H Gilmore writes home with the characteristic confidence of our men to his aunt at Westbury Place, Leeds 10:*

Things are looking brighter and our lads are giving Jerry something to think about. Up to now we have been doing "guards," fatigues, and plenty of routine work, but I expect that we will get our turn very soon, and then back to dear old Blighty.

We had a good time a few days ago. Food was a bit short, so we bought some sheep and hens and had a real good fry-up—not forgetting lashings of char (tea).

### FRONT-LINE LETTERS

*Another cheery letter from L./Bdr. E. L. Agutter, M.E.F., to his mother at Burdenshott Avenue, Richmond, Surrey:*

The R.A. is putting up terrific barrages and the noise is deafening. Things are going well for us, and I guess it will keep that way.

Although we have been in action for five days our rations and mail have still been arriving regularly. The organisation is splendid.

. . . I shall have to stop writing soon, as the order has been given to "brew up," which means make tea. How we look forward to it! We have plenty of cigarettes and food, including tinned fruit.

If things continue like this it should not be long before we are all home again.

### ON THEIR TAILS

*Also in the thick of the fighting is L./A.C. E. Goodworth, R.A.F., serving with the M.E.F., who writes to his parents at Carlisle Street, Goole:*

This time we advanced so quickly that we must have broken all records. After driving all day for several days you can imagine how nice it is to remain in one spot for a little time.

Too much driving is rather tiring, especially when you have to weave through debris on the road.

But it is encouraging to see burning Jerry tanks, and the sight of the derelict and battered shells of enemy transport is an indication of the excellent work done by the Army and the R.A.F.

The organisation and the way the R.A.F is keeping up with the Army is too wonderful to describe, even if I were allowed to do so.

# FOOD FACTS

## THE POTATO PLAN

### *"Take my case"* says Mrs. Helpful

"This Potato Plan makes sense to me" says Mrs. Helpful. "Though I say it myself, I do make the tastiest dishes with spuds. You see, a little change makes such a lot of difference . . . I use cheese, or some tasty vegetable, or that Household Milk with a little onion, or one ration — ration, I said, not rasher — of bacon fried up and mixed in . . ."

### *"Take my case"* says Mr. Helpful

"*And* manage to make a bit on the housekeeping money, mother," interrupts Mr. Helpful with a wink. "It doesn't cost much to make those potato dishes you're so proud of. Mind you, they're good stuff — fill you up and keep you going too."

### *"Take my case"* says their sailor son

"Risking our lives to carry your food is part of the job — and *we* don't complain. But we sailors take a pride in our cargoes — and just now we'd rather bring over guns and tanks for the offensive. Savvy?"

**THE POTATO PLAN**

**1** Serve potatoes for breakfast three days a week. Doctors say 'eat at least 1 lb. of potatoes every day'. So make a good start with breakfast.

**2** Make your main dish a potato dish one day a week — potato dishes can be novel, satisfying, delicious.

**3** Refuse second helpings of other food at any rate until you have had a second helping of potatoes.

**4** Make a point of serving potatoes in other ways than just 'plain boiled'. There are so many delicious dishes you can make with them.

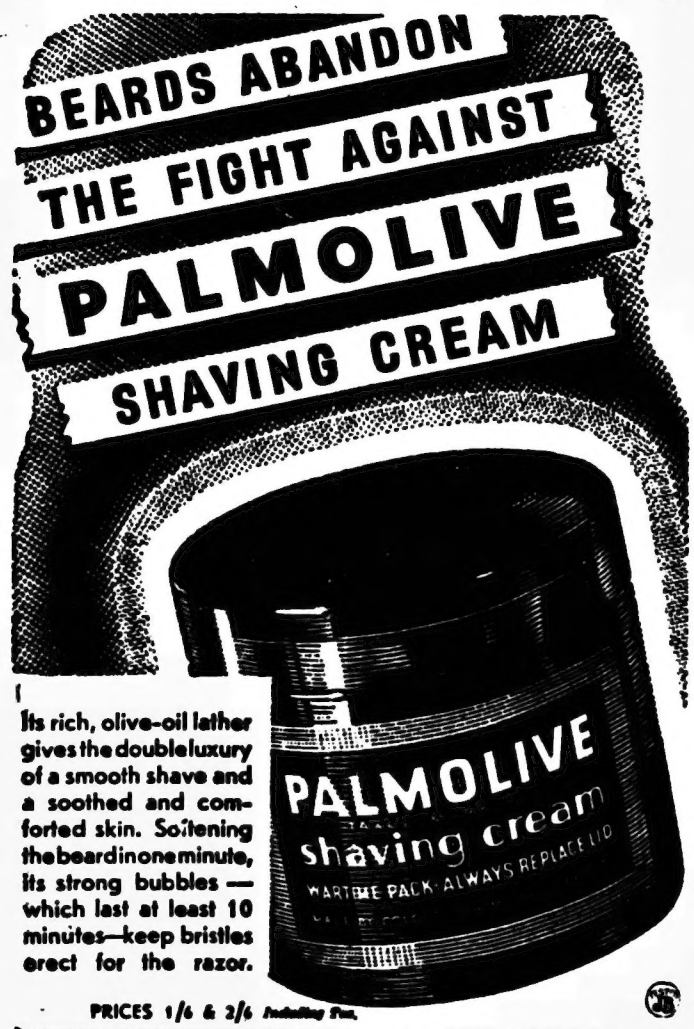
**BREAKFAST DISH**

**Breakfast Pancake**

*Ingredients:* 1 lb. cooked potato, ¼ lb. sausage meat, 1 tablespoonful chopped parsley, ½ oz. fat, 1 tablespoonful milk, salt. *Method:* Mash the potato with the sausage meat, add seasoning and milk to make soft. Heat fat in frying pan and spread potato mixture in the bottom to cover pan. Fry till brown and crisp on both sides.

**LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT EVERY MORNING AT 8.15**

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS 132


Its rich, olive-oil lather gives the double luxury of a smooth shave and a soothed and comforted skin. Softening the beard in one minute, its strong bubbles — which last at least 10 minutes — keep bristles erect for the razor.

PRICES 1/6 & 2/6 *Including Tax.*


# LAST LAUGH

C. D. H. (Faversham). — "There are many methods of finding out if mushrooms are poisonous or not." If you find yourself playing a harp after breakfast—they are.

SIXTEEN (Newark).—"I wish our Vicar would ask me what he should preach about." And you'd say three minutes.

L. L. (Bolton).—"Owing to the shortage of football referees, many officials have come out of retirement." In a recent match controlled by a veteran, a sporting arrangement was made by the two teams not to play faster than a sharp walk.

VIOLET (Hove).—"Like most shrinking violets, I don't shine in public." You powder?

F. E. (Exeter).—"German searchlights near Calais lit up the English coast." Many people were able to read in bed with undrawn curtains happy in the knowledge that they were saving light and not contravening the black-out regulations.

JANE (Louth).—"I told him I didn't sing for money. Then he was rude." Asked you if you sing for spite?

F. F. (Leeds).—"Money will always talk." Particularly if you marry it.

H. H. (Keston).—"The modern Cinderella has no time to go to the ball." She continues to sift cinders at home as advised by the Minister of Fuel.

J. J. (Morden).—"When my husband proposed to me over 50 years ago he was dressed in a cycling costume consisting of check knickerbockers and a purple Norfolk jacket.' Apparently you didn't turn a deaf ear to his loud suit.

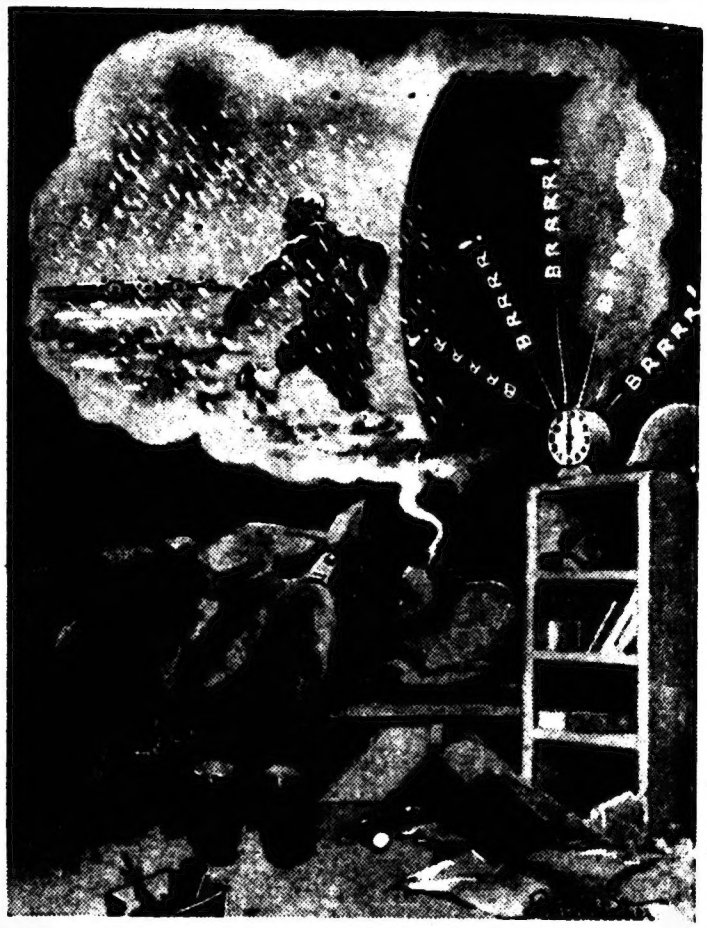
J. K. (London, S.).—"After all, we don't go short of many things." Take Dover, for instance. There has been plenty of weather there since the start of the war.

A. N. (Chelsea).—"Hitler is expected to make another speech soon." That will make one in all.

F. C. (St. Albans).—"It is easy to lay down eggs for the winter." But hard to convince hens how easy this is.

W. N. (Wantage).—"It is on record that Himmler himself was once under arrest." Those pince-nez still give him a "pinched" look.

BILL (Bourne).—"I have never been frightened in my life." So you haven't married yet?




**BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER WITH THE AMERICANS**

*"Can any Better World be worth this every morning?"*

## Side-Slips

LONDON GAZETTE:—"His SELFISH devotion to duty cost Snow his freedom."

THE DAILY MAIL:—". . . there are now 1,000 men from Hull in enemy prison CAPS."

PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS:—". . . and with his torpedoed ship SINGING beneath him . . ."

EVENING DESPATCH:—"Others are FAKING satisfactory progress."

DAILY EXPRESS:—"The Right Honourable the Lord High Chancellor," cried the usher, "and Viscount S——— SWAM forward to meet his host and hostess."

BIRKENHEAD ADVERTISER:—"The ACCIDENT was adjourned until next Thursday."

NEWS CHRONICLE:—"There are perhaps a DOZEN more fighters, of which maybe 100 are in Algiers."

## GREATEST OF THESE

● "I was discharged from the Army in November, 1941, with 20 per cent. disability pension, and have been ill ever since," writes Charles Williams.

He is, in fact, so ill that it is unlikely that he will ever be able to follow his former employment at the Manchester Ship Canal.

With a wife and three children under six to maintain, his continuous illness is a doubly heavy burden.

All the children are badly in need of more nourishing food, boots and warm winter clothing.

The doctor who is attending this applicant confirms the particulars submitted to us.

We earnestly beg our readers to be as generous as they can to assist this deserving family. Donations earmarked "Alan," or for our General Fund,* should be sent to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send us donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

There are no deductions for administration expenses, every penny received being passed to those in need.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

**1st PRIZE £50—'BULLETS' 1,358**

**W. A. Bavin, 2, Bush Street, Barton Hill, Bristol, for this "Bullet":—**

**THANKS TO BEVERIDGE**
**"ARMCHAIRS" SECURE—AND "PRAMS."**

£20: Mrs. E. Simmons, c/o "Heston," Mr. Ainsworth Rd., Radcliffe, Lancs.
**Something To Fight For—Progress—Providing Progress "Provides."**

£10: J. P. McLaughlin, 113, Wall Street, Cameron, Falkirk.
**Looking Into The Tea-cup—Palmist, But "Reading Mug"!**

£5: J. S. Reid, 29, Gilfinock Pk. Ave., Gilfinock, Glasgow.
**Must Go On—Mums—Hitler's "Must" Goes.**

£5: W. J. Grant, 46, Polsted Rd., Catford, S.E.6.
**Year Of Victory—Stiff Lip? Stiff Lip!**

## CASH & CAKES

SEE OFFERS NEXT PAGE

£2: G. Clark, The Forge, Ufton, Nr. Rugby.
**A Hundred Years Hence—Spitfire Dominating Museum's "Space."**

£2: V. G. Bonney, 366, Cowley Road, Oxford.
**He's The Boss, But—Had To "Arrive Dad"!**

£2s.: Pte. G. Bond, 87, Lexton Drive, Southport.
**By Hen—"Frightens" Auntie.**

£2s.: R. Thomas, 12, York Street, Wolverhampton.
**Father's Motto—Over Bed—And Overboard!**

£2s.: Mrs. G. M. Roberts, 22, Fairoak Ave., Newport, Mon.
**Looking Into The Textbook—Didn't See Enemy Advancing!**

£2s.: Mrs. R. J. Oakley, 36, Beaconsfield Rd., Blackheath, S.E.3.
**Year Of Birth—Private Grandpa Keeps Private.**

£2s.: A. Rawcliffe, 137, Watling Rd., Fulwood, Preston, Lancs.
**Frightens Nobody—Miss, Puppy's First Bark!**

A list of 25 Winners of New Year Cakes can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

## 8 BIG CHEQUES

**WON IN XWORD No. 308.**

WINNING WORDS:—1. Loft. 2. Care. 3. Fair. 4. Pen. 5. Purse. 6. Hill or Kiln. 7. Ort. 8. Kiln. 9. Bone. 10. Press. 11. Car. 12. Mine. 13. Wire. 14. Landed.

£100 SHARERS:—Mrs. L. Bleakley, 14, Bristol St., W., Bedford; J. Croft, Lynesack, Butterknowle, Bp. Auckland; Cpl. V. J. Enright, c/o 19, Richmond St., Ashton-u-Lyne; Pte. S. Wisham, Somewhere in Britain; R. Nash, c/o Gillies, 8, Sixth Ave., Gourock; C. R. Marshall, Bickford House, Sherdington, Cheltenham; G. Smart, 7, Kensington Grove, Denton, Manchester; H. J. White, Finedon, Old Netley, Southampton.

Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 61 entrants.

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COMPLETE HOME KNITTING ILLUSTRATED

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SAVES MONEY & COUPONS!

OVER 200 PATTERNS, PHOTOGRAPHS, DIAGRAMS ETC

A TREMENDOUS BOOK! "John Bull's" Great New Book Offer—"COMPLETE HOME KNITTING ILLUSTRATED"—the World's Most Valuable and Practical Book for Knitters—is in such overwhelming public demand that it must soon be withdrawn. Supplies are limited and it's "First Come, First Served," so you MUST post the Order Label below, with your Remittance, IMMEDIATELY! Here is something you really need—NOW!—a book full of money and coupon-saving ideas . . . scores of lovely things to make for yourself, for every member of the family, and the cost . . . instead of wasting your clothes from old . . . invaluable hints and economies—over 200 Pictures!—20,000 Words!—OVER TWO HUNDRED PATTERNS & DIAGRAMS!—It's Tremendous Value for Money!

The Pictures and Patterns are so clear that even beginners can't go wrong! SPECIAL SECTIONS of this week deal with Re-knitting wool, showing economies in materials, using up odds and ends, combining knitting and fabric, patching and re-heeling, Remodeling woollies, etc. etc.

For the STANDARD EDITION: Bound in Crash Canvas, decorated on the spine and front cover, all you send with the Order Label is 4s. 6d., which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

LOOK Below are just a few of the scores of lovely things that you can make!

FOR YOURSELF: Sports Jersey—Vest and Pants Set—Stockings—Ankle Socks—Cardigan—Jumpers in all Designs—Gauntlets—Mittens—Cable Silk Cap—White Collar Frock—Bedjacket—Slippers, etc.

FOR MEN: Cardigan — Pullovers — Socks — Vest — Sports Vest — Waistcoat—Sports Shirt—Polo-Neck Sweater, etc.

FOR CHILDREN: Baby Vest—Carrying Shawl—Jersey and Knicker Suit—Coat and Leggings Suit—Socks—Gloves—Jumpers and Cardigans—School Jerseys, etc.

SEND CASH WITH ORDER LABEL

STANDARD EDITION (4/6) C.H.K.

(J.P.2. 23/1/43)

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All our Strength of Body and Nerve is needed to cope with to-day's strains, irks and dangers. Weakness and Overstrain cause Depression. Mental and Bodily Power depend upon a sufficiency of essential Vitamins in the system, particularly of the B group of Vitamins, the richest known natural source of which is *Yeast*. YESTAMIN is pure Vitamin Yeast—not a drug, but a mighty Tonic Food which vitalises and sustains both body and mind, builds up resistance to common ailments and imparts True Strength. Yestamin does not claim to work miracles, but take it regularly for a month—preferably with your meals—and you'll gain immense benefit from it.

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*Entirely Free from Drugs*

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THE ENGLISH GRAINS CO., LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT.



CHILDREN'S TEETH in War-Time.

Even in war-time a child's diet must contain a proportion of sweet things for nourishment and energy. But sweet things cause acid-mouth, which encourages the germs which attack and decay the teeth. To protect the teeth a child's tooth-paste should contain plenty of 'Milk of Magnesia,' the most effective neutraliser of mouth acid known. Only in one toothpaste is 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid to be found and that is Phillips' Dental Magnesia, which contains a high percentage.

Children who use this pleasant-tasting tooth-paste have the whitest teeth which are practically free from decay, distressing toothache and disfiguring gaps. Get a tube today.

Sold everywhere at 1/1d. and 1/10½d. Return empty tubes to the Chemist. 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.



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Xword No. 308 Result Page 14. Post this week's coupon to address at foot

TRY John Bulls 10-MINUTE XWORD No 312

| | CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column. | 3p Entry-fee for 1 Col. | | | | 3p | 3p | 3p |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | MAY COME TO CONDEMNED MAN | P | A | R | ON | | | |
| 2 | SOME PEOPLE DON'T ENJOY HOLIDAY IN SUCH A COUNTRY DISTRICT | | L | O | E | L | Y | |
| 3 | IT WOULD BE SENSATIONAL IF LION APPEARED IN | R | A | G | | | | |
| 4 | SOME GAMBLE FOR PLEASURE WHEN THEY DO THIS | | | | A | L | K | |
| 5 | MAY NEED PLENTY OF ROOM FOR STORAGE | G | R | O | E | R | | |
| 6 | EXPLORERS HAVE OFTEN BEEN THIS IN THE ARCTIC | | | | O | L | D | |
| 7 | IT'S GRATIFYING TO SEE CHICKEN ON | M | E | N | | | | |
| 8 | HAS BROKEN UP MANY A HOME | | | | U | N | | |
| 9 | IF TOO QUICK, THIS MAY GIVE ORIGINAL AWAY | G | A | I | | | | |
| 10 | WHEN BEER, THIS IS SOMETIMES ON WING | | D | O | E | | | |
| 11 | WORDS CAN BE THIS WITHOUT SUFFICIENT THOUGHT | M | I | N | E | D | | |
| 12 | THERE'S ELECTRICITY IN ONE | | | | O | L | T | |
| 13 | SOME SPEAKERS CAN JUSTLY BE DESCRIBED AS | M | E | A | Y | | | |
| 14 | DIGTOUS ONES SHOULD BE STEADILY DEALT WITH AT BOYS' SCHOOL | | R | E | E | L | S | |

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated Feb. 15.

P.O. Value..... CLOSING POSTMARK

No. .....MONDAY, FEB. 1.

Signed .....

Address .....

312. CUT ROUND THIS LINE

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the best being clearness, aptness and originality. Awards First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Award Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Competitions, to appear in "John Bull" dated February 20, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

PRIZES £200 for BULLETS—WIN YOURS TODAY!

FIRST PRIZE £50 SMALLER PRIZES OVER £20 £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 25 AND 4th CELEBRATION CAKES

36/- 30/- 24/- 22/- 20/-

1,000 MERIT AWARDS

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Joy Wire Day—Friday, Feb. 12.

VICTORY IN 1943
PEACE-TIME PROGRAMME
PEOPLE WHO KNOW
BELOW THE SURFACE
A STIFF PROBLEM
INSTEAD OF TALKING
ON THE AIR
AUNTIE v. HITLER
JOB WORTH HAVING
FROM EAST TO WEST
NUISANCE TO EVERYBODY

KEPT IN THE DARK
PRAM FOR BABY
WRECKED THEIR ROMANCE
DREAM OF A GIRL
SONNY WAS LUCKY AND
OLD HANDS
SOMETHING CHEAP
MUST BE A RECORD
THE SERGEANT BELLOWED, BUT

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

WHEN A MAN'S.....
WHAT WE DON'T.....
TARGET FOR.....
UTILITY.....
ANYTHING BUT.....
DAD SAW A.....AND

BULLETS 1,356 RESULT appears on page 14.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin, dated February 15.

P.O. Value.....
No. .....
Closing Postmark 1,356 Monday, Feb. 1.

Signed .....

Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENVELOPE "Bullets" No. 1,356—or Xword No. 312, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)



FOR CROSS CHILDREN

Mother—when your children are cross and irritable—don't blame them. For a sluggish system clogged with sour waste matter is usually the cause of the trouble.

Act instantly to correct this evil. You can do it quickly, easily and safely with the remarkable "natural" remedy, 'California Syrup of Figs.' This marvellously gentle laxative has a health-giving effect on the system. Children love it. And it quickly makes astonishing change in their appearance and health. They gain wonderful new energy; and look and feel well overnight. Get 'California Syrup of Figs' to-day. Be sure to ask for 'California Syrup of Figs' and. Obtainable everywhere, 4 and 2/6.

JILPS

AS A MEMBER OF THE FORCE I KNOW JILPS KEEP ME WARM AND ALL A-GLOW

4d

Take a packet of JILPS with you when the weather is damp and chilly — they contain Menthol, Eucalyptus and Glucose, all highly recommended. Buy JILPS whenever you can, for supplies are restricted these days. No personal points! *Made by the Devonshire Confectionery Co. Ltd., Eastbourne*

## "...and the LIGHTS will come back!"

Have you ever thought that kiddies are growing up who have never seen a lighted street lamp or an uncurtained window? It is a strange fact. And it is a strange world that children are living in to-day, and yet they are thriving.

Amid all our cares and troubles, we in this country have put the health of the children first; have done everything we could to make sure that they should suffer least of all.

'Milk of Magnesia' has done a wonderfully good job in helping to keep the health standard high by correcting minor upsets of the digestion, so important in the growing-up' period. It has offset the effect of the inevitable restrictions of war time.

It can fairly be claimed that in helping to safeguard our children, 'Milk of Magnesia' is assisting in building the sound health of the men and women of to-morrow. We are all remembering, especially with kiddies, that health counts most.

## 'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

*'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.*



## Be Careful!

**BE CAREFUL**—if you find any strange metal container lying about, don't get a stick and poke it—it might go off and besides blowing you up—destroy something of real military value. Warn the police and let them deal with it.

**BE CAREFUL TOO** with your Cherry Blossom Boot Polish. The supply is restricted, so use it more sparingly than you did in the days of plenty. Make the most of every scrap you use by brushing it well into the leather. The extra rub will give extra smartness and extra life to shoes.

## CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

*In Black, Brown and Tonette.*

*Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4. CB/YJ*



## Cut them into SLICES—FOR PROLONGED ENJOYMENT

There is so much delicious goodness in these chunky candy-bars that it's rather a shame (and, perhaps, slightly selfish) to eat them up all at once. Mars are made from the finest materials available, including sustaining chocolate, energising glucose and nourishing separated milk. So, by cutting Mars into slices, you spread and prolong the benefit and enjoyment you get from them. In fact, this is probably one of the best of all ways to make the most of your sweet ration.

*Pain can't live with*

## PROPAX

Propax kills pain in a few minutes: then rids your system of the *cause*. Swift, safe, certain; the sure 'double-action' treatment for headaches, neuralgia, influenza, colds and nerve pains.

8½d. 1/5 & 2/6

From all Chemists, Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors, Woolworths & Stores.

*Sole Distributors:* Splendoc Ltd., Nottingham.



## SKIN BLOTCHES

*and irritations*

RELIEVED INSTANTLY

Here's wonderful news for all sufferers from any kind of skin irritation or eruption—the *positive promise* of instant relief with *Cadum Ointment!* This is a sure standby in all cases of skin diseases and infections. Even ulcers, sores and running wounds quickly yield, speedily disappear and are obliterated by the growth of healthy, new skin. Thousands testify to its healing power. Of all chemists, 1/5 & 3/5 a box (Including Tax).

## CADUM

*the wonder-healing ointment*

24



## What do I do...

### to avoid spreading 'flu, coughs and colds?

I remember that these troubles, spread about by careless coughing and sneezing, cause British workers to lose 50 *million days' work a year.* And I remember that this is a dead loss to the war effort.

If I *do* catch a cold, I keep myself to myself till it's cured, and when I cough or sneeze I remember to trap the germs with my handkerchief.

I urge my family, my staff and my friends to take the same precautions.

*Issued by the Ministry of Information*

*Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society*



## COLDS & 'FLU

quickly guarded banished by

Cephos

Valid prescription in tablet or powder form 1/3 & 2/- SINGLE DOSE 2d.



For COLD JOURNEYS

## Victory-V

GUMS AND LOZENGES

GIVE YOU WARMTH WHERE YOU WANT IT



## FUEL COMMUNIQUE

## FUEL RIGHTS- and WRONGS

**IT'S RIGHT** *to*

- Fully cover hot plates and use all retained heat.
- Boil kettles on your sitting room fire—it will save your gas and electricity.
- Read your meters every week to see how much fuel you are saving and where you can make further economies.
- Keep doors shut and windows padded against draughts.

**IT'S WRONG** *to*

- Leave gas or electric fires burning when a room is empty.
- Use electric appliances between 8 a.m. and 1 p.m. because that is the peak period for the war factories.
- Light a coal fire at a set hour each day—leave it until it is really needed.
- Use the poker to make the fire blaze up; coal burns longer in large lumps.

THE BATTLE FOR FUEL

## NO ECONOMY IS TOO SMALL TO COUNT

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FUEL AND POWER


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